

STARKERS

THE MAGAZINE THAT UNCOVERS IT ALL



a selection from the first twelve issues

Preface to the Best Of Starkers

The following articles are a representative selection from the first twelve issues of Starkers Magazine.

The Pilot Issue was launched in the Spring of 1993 and largely given away. Enough subscribers came forward and the edition was reprinted.

Today Starkers is thirteen issues old with a circulation of 2500 and rising. It is still essentially a subscriber based publication but there is increasing demand for retail copies.

Mainstream press comment on Starkers has been favourable. The media sense there is a change in attitudes towards social nudity and are not surprised to find a 'radical' element gaining voice in a 'radical' publication.

Starkers is an irregular quarterly and often fails to appear four times a year - but appear it does, however late.

I have many people to thank for their support since the first issue. The contributors and subscribers share first place but several key people have provided invaluable assistance in ensuring survival. They are too numerous to mention by name but they know who they are.

Starkers Magazine grows with every issue and, just as there are discernible changes in British nudist circles, it is only fitting that Starkers appears to be playing a part in that change.

If nothing else is achieved by the magazine it serves a function in augmenting the evident dissent amongst a new generation of social nudists and, crucially, bolsters the knowledge and understanding of those already established as free thinking nudists.

Mark Nisbet
Editor June 1997

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SPRING 1993

PILOT ISSUE

STARKERS



BEHIND THE SCENES AT EUREKA! -
STUDLAND GUIDE - SEX PARTY - WASTED
OPEN SPACE - RUNAROUND AT RIO'S -
RADICAL DIET - AND MUCH MORE INSIDE

ONLY £1

Cover Photo: Mike Hopton

STARKERS

Welcome to the first issue of STARKERS. So it looks a bit cheap and there's not many photos - and it's a bit late - but it's not costing you an arm and a leg - just five first class stamps per issue or a crisp fiver if you've got the foresight to back all the way to issue five the first serious attempt at overturning the H&E-BN axis.

Do not buy STARKERS if you want risqué pictures of tit, fanny and cock. We leave that to the myriad one handed reading material suppliers falling over themselves to keep up with the jaded palates of a genital obsessed public. STARKERS will publish pictures of authentic nudists if and when we can find some and when the print budget allows. STARKERS is not some sort of low budget listings magazine. As we plan to publish four times a year listing 'dates for your diary' would be largely pointless. There are plenty of sources for such information in this septic Isle. Every issue of STARKERS will have a little box somewhere informing you where, for the price of an expensive phone call or a cheap stamp, the best information may be found.

STARKERS will spend more on 'production values' if the project earns support amongst you, dear readers. If asked to summarise in a few words the honourable intentions of STARKERS and editorial contributors, it would run something like this:-

The modern world is completely urbanised and many people seek an escape from these debilitating pressures of urban living. Social nudism offers a glimpse of that particular freedom. Sensationalism is the modern cultural style, and in varying degrees, all publications adopt this mode. STARKERS too will be sensationalist - not out of malice or vicarious titillation - but for reasons of advancing social nudism with humour and insight. STARKERS will be independent of any official body in order to comment without prejudice. STARKERS has as a propaganda aim - born of a passion for the total acceptance of nudism - the total abolition of 'official' nudist organisations and the promotion of social nudity in an atmosphere free of guilt, anxiety, shame and persecution.

REVIEW

SPACE UNFILLED

Full Frontal Open Source: 1983 December 1982 Mark A. Hoad

As anticipated the spring issue of British Nudism (BN 115) carried the post-mortem on Full Frontal - Sue Payer and the CC&BN's belated attempt at giving 'naturism' a human, dynamic, forward looking and enjoyable face. Made under the auspices of the Community Programme Unit, (a slot given over to fledgling directors and crews) the film was at best peculiar publicity and at worst, evident proof that people who go nude for relaxation are weird.

The letters in BN were divided eight in incredulous support, four against and five with reserved support. My guess is a number of disbeliever letters would have been sent in but the editors of BN are keeping those to themselves.

Paul Sue Payer who has had a hard time of it lately, blighted up photographically by the independent last summer and now by the BBC, through drop outlines, catches angles and incoherence clearly. Clearly most nudists are unskilled in dealing with the media - otherwise they wouldn't make such fools of themselves every time the Amfest camera or the Nagra sound recorder rolls up to record their contributions to the electronic soap that makes up the daily diet of TV and Radio in this patchwork nation. Dealing with the media takes a skilled practitioner like Mark Wilson at Eurofest or people who have attended a course that we teach them how and why the media can and do angle their subject to fit a pre-arranged point of view decided upon in advance.

Despite serious shortcomings the BN editorial considers Full Frontal a 'success' and 'good publicity for nudists'. Is it I wonder? Just what is being said here? What in fact was being advertised? Sue Payer's television success? Surely not in English based on an overseas day? Perhaps spending adverts at a nudist club? The whole tone of the programme was clearly at odds with the subject. What was all that nonsense in the class at Studland - a place, incidentally not mentioned by name, all we had was a faded late 19th-century of the south coast? 'Heaven's lot's not give the location away, others might be interested in coming along?' This is the old club error where members never know each other's names and were known as 'Mammy 55' and 'Miss 10'. Member 60 said so. 'Good grief' is the major propaganda unit for nudists belatedly to mention to two and a half million viewers the best of the places to go nude is at a beach in the UK. Promote a bit of nudity between cousins and they'll soon give nudists beaches in order to attract custom during the summer.

It's pointless to try and use television as a propaganda device unless you have complete control or you actually make up the propaganda. This is the reason why government ministers denigrate newscasters and why newscasters think ministers do their job to take lectures from the propaganda makers. Public access programmes, to give the ordinary man a voice, have a deprecatingly late effect. Blind people will tell us that sighted people do not. Full consider their angle! When oppressed people tell us how the government is a beast and nudists tell us by and tell you that they're not as weird as you may think. This is all such programmes could ever hope to achieve. They are the TV equivalent of the letters page in a newspaper. This facility gives obscure interpretations of life on the agenda. To have asked anyone of Full Frontal would have been unworkable. Yet Full Frontal did not achieve this modest goal. The programme was dull, paranoiac and thoroughly British in its failure to respond to the modern world.

It did nothing to lift the cloak of weariness covering nudism. There were cracks in the forest with their gymnast.

contents on flickering film. Unless bodies artfully juxtaposed alongside incoherent poses and chirpy minor nudists in front rooms, art classes and the public baths. These locations allowed Sue Payer to look nervous, a nervous woman capable to perform on stress and ad-libs and a nervous middle aged couple the dubious delight of being gawped upon venturing out into the brightly lit swim night world minus a few crucial ounces of lycra and their children (gawp, cut of camera shot, these are strange times).

There was so much missing - children, adolescent youth, people missing solo men and women laughter. Perhaps the most sensitive error was to exclude the sun. Visibility of the highest order.

The problems with Full Frontal are obvious. Why it was so poor even clearer. The programme was poorly conceived. The input from the brave volunteers could only be minimal because the programme had no idea. The CC&BN and others responsible for the back of a tag packet scenario should have thought long and hard before soliciting for the programme. This would have presented a list at the first time. A schedule exists in the form of Studland since a fiver but valuable ideas - would have revealed a lesson in story structure in documentary mode. Adam Clapham's book would have guided the unskilled through the labyrinth.

It seems pointless for Sue Payer and others to lament the several days of incoherence that preparations for filming entailed. To do this sort of thing he'll well take moments and nobody should until the final cut is made and the soundtrack dubbed. You cannot make a good nudist documentary with mere enthusiasm - you must have some ideas and they must be useful: they must seduce the audience into attention. Nudism is a superficially simple subject with complex layers. Nothing short of a whole summer of events and interviews filmed and edited with skill and passion would be enough. It is the modern lack of preparation more than anything else that stopped Full Frontal's wings and gave the public an example of advertising media: nudists that turned the CC&BN's and Payer's dream into nightmare for us all.

Shedding a nudist documentary in autumn is clearly ironic. I cannot help feeling that the club urgently (same word say pathological fear) towards photography moving or still is largely to blame for nudists being unaware of the power of the camera. Although the camera is used for numerous purposes (as is the brendino) good pictures (like sandwiches) are a joy to behold and vital for survival. Most of the people I spoke to about the programme: nudist and non-nudist alike thought it poor. Several commented on the necessity of camp conducted under a weak sun. Others thought the absence of a sense of fun and a few smiling faces a terrible omission.



From Pilot Issue Spring 1993 Pages 4/5/6

STARKERS

EDITORIAL

REVOLUTIONS REACTIONARIES REDONKETS

So there has been a revolution in small magazine printing over the last few years. This was, apparently, made easier by cheap and accessible computer programmes. This is only partly true. The trouble with computers is that you can spend just as much time learning to use them as actually getting them to work. By the time a disc of software has been understood it's time to upgrade and a new system requires learning time. It's easy to find oneself in the position of being a perpetual computer student - never quite being defeated by the machine but never actually putting it to any valid use. STARKERS is produced on a typewriter with a few electronic features. It makes no great claims to style or graphic achievement. The message is more important than the technique. The response to the PILOT draft of STARKERS was most encouraging showing a developing need for something different to the lifestyle based H&E and the club based British Nudistism.

Our cover begs an answer to the question WHAT SORT OF NUJIDISM ARE YOU interested IN? The articles in this issue represent attempts by nudists to define just what it is they are looking for if the deeply maladjusted activity of ours is to progress in the minds of the British public. In their way writers for STARKERS enjoy the luxury of optimism and are quite clear on what is not required. A consensus on what we as nudists do require is emerging from the ashes of what was once quaintly called a 'movement'.

The old guard, bless them, have had their day and will shortly keep their appointments in some grand celestial nudist park from which the single man, the solo mother, the homosexual and the disabled have been miraculously excluded. They can have their dreams of sex and then but I prefer my paradise here and often. Heaven is not a location but an idea - one that I reject on the grounds of unpleasantness. This is life just the one this is no rehearsal for something more ethereal and pure. Yeah that I am riddled with sinners I do but life is some cousin valleys and fields, naked, relaxed and tempered by the sun into happy convivial grace amongst friends of all states and persuasions.

What used to be called the 'movement' exists only in the fantasy world of the bureaucrats desperately holding on to a notional influence derived from an apathetic public. Bubbling under the surface of our strange society are some pretty serious problems with the perception of nudism amongst the lawmakers and the policy directors. Looking through the aims and resolutions of the past twenty five years I fear we will be incapable of defending ourselves unless we have a clear idea of what it is we want and encouraging the means to fight back the reactionary forces poised to slip the leash in a very short time. It is time that social nudism, the beaches, the clubs and the venues - were thrown open to all. Ultimately we may need every body we can get.

TEENY STRIPS

From Issue One Summer 1993 Page 3
Early picture policy was to let authentic photos from older magazines - the type of pictures long since dropped by the Miss of H&E in favour of 'natural glamour' photography.



I don't give a toss about resolutions

HOW NEVER TO BE HOME ALONE!

Ryan Speth looks at the positive advantages of high heating bills and why Olympic swimming records could be erroneous



THIS IS BETTER LAURA AND SAVING FOR ANTHONY FROM THE FANTASY NOOK

Here is where the heat is, or so they say, so I forgot that when you are at home you feel relaxed and happy in the environment it provides. Considering what proportion of time we are able to spend at a club as compared to that spent at home and you'll realise why mine is a very exercise position.

Four years ago I was seeking a place to live in London and was flummoxed to hear along the gravestone at my club that a member was seeking people to rent a large Edwardian house - the price consideration being a sympathetic attitude towards last practices of home nudism. Soon I was speaking on the phone and arranging to see the accommodation offered. I spent to my delight a spacious town house built around the turn of the century and when a convenient distance to where I worked. What more could anyone ask for?

One of my fellow swimmers was a charming girl named Laura, in her early twenties, studying for her post graduate degree. While she was a life-long nudist and invited in the opportunity to find off her clothes when she returned home, she explained that from time to time she would be entertaining one of her colleagues from university who would be told about the nudist character of the house. A plan was quickly devised to avoid embarrassing conversations in the front hall - she would not be allowed to see us could all get our tops on.

A very pleasant by-product of the nudist household is that the central heating has to be up high during the winter months resulting in a pleasant warmth that permeates the house. Laura rapidly acquired a boyfriend who after a few weeks was always enough to open the boarders of H&E that fostered the bookshelf. 'Linda' turned out to be no stranger to the machine but found it amusing that nudists would have it on open order and not tucked away in some sinister drawer along with well wrapped copies of Playboy and Playboy. Laura explained to him that she was a nudist, as were all her friends, and suddenly his excitement over the H&E's vanished to be replaced by a fascination for all things nudist. Soon he too was padding stealthily from Laura's room to the toilet without clothes and when a few weeks we had a fully dressed cohort. The academic gift flow by and Laura was offered a job in charge of the Halls of Residence at the university which provided her with accommodation and a small salary. The combined package proved an even stronger temptation than a nudist oasis in the centre of the city. I later heard that life at there was rather grim for all concerned and that she really missed the carefree months spent without the worry of clothes, shaving gowns etc.

Her place was taken by Sarah, a twenty two year old Danish language student, who had recently retired as one of Denmark's top competitive swimmers - a fact I innocently found out when I challenged her to a race that left her wondering why she had reached the other end and while still struggling about starting. She had never swum before, had never swum a stroke and had never heard of a nudist movement until she came to the U.K. and found herself living with us. She simply always taken her clothes off on the beach in summer and didn't think it worth a moment of anything. She revealed in her retirement from competitive swimming as it freed her from the tyranny of the 4.30 am. Tribbles club and clearly eyed journey to the pool. She'd done this since the age of nine and how she was free to see the world. Out of curiosity I asked her whether she swam faster nude or with her costume on. After hours of discussion, usually taking place in the sitting room in the dead of her very long blonde hair, we decided there was only one way to find out. The next time we set off for the club the dreaded swimming costume was packed - can reveal for the first time that nude, except for a bathing cap, a swimmer's pool was swum in 11.5 seconds and wearing a costume it took her 13.5 seconds.

After Sarah returned to Denmark to resume her university career her place was taken by two excellent and creative artists just off of St Martin's School of Art & Design. Soon I was introduced to the delights of painting in a big way. Splashing great coils of paint across home constructed canvases which held a nodan of the nudist social shapes. Nudism here had a very practical purpose as at the end of a stroke with paint everywhere it was much easier to have a bath than shed clothes to the laundry or dresser. Anna and Fume also found that my club was a great source of models - people whilst portrait did not turn out to be an accurate life like representation. Though they had never formally counted themselves as nudists, they free spirits they rapidly saw the benefits of the life style and became full nudists. At present our household consists of a happy bunch of single people, some new to London, all of whom enjoy a carefree lifestyle that is generated by a nudist household. Two girls have recently joined us from a very Catholic country in the former Eastern Bloc where nudism was not being unknown. This is a sad state that is a significant disadvantage for the nudist. They recently thought that nudism was merely an excuse for promiscuity. Luckily the rest of us were able to put them right about that. I do admit their bravery though in moving into a house occupied by these awful nudists of whom such terrible tales have been told by the church back home. Well at least when they return home next year that's one old wives tale that can be put to rest. Why not try it for yourselves? For the price of slightly larger fuel bills a whole year round world of relaxation and stress free living awaits you.

From Issue One Summer 1993 Page 4

INDICENT ASSAULT

Although our current concept of an indecent assault is an adult of one sex molesting another of the opposite sex, there is often an invitation to flesh or concealed touching involved. The indecency comes in two basic possibilities. Firstly, if the individual complainant - and he or she can be treated as a victim - does not want to consent and at the same time the circumstances of the assault are indecent, and secondly, if either or both parties (or more of course) involved are under the age of sixteen. If the latter scenario is the case, and it most certainly is in many swimming pools where naturists spend time together weekly all over the country, men and women physically have contact with their own and other families' children then no intention to assault need be proven, only that the circumstances were indecent.

The concept of indecent in English Law by the way is very widely mediated. It gives magistrate, judge or jury a weapon of great power by reason of subjectivity in forming an opinion whether or not a thing is in fact indecent.

Indecent Assault as an offence dates back to the 15th Century brought up to date by the Sexual Offences Act 1956. The penalties under this Act can be up to ten years imprisonment. A recent ruling (Higgins v Boyle 1992) may be useful as it states - "In the light of prevailing social attitudes it lies with society how to construe an assault in 1956 might not do so today."

INDECENCY WITH CHILDREN

An Act was formulated in the 1950s for the purpose of making criminal any action where there is exposure of the penis to a child under fourteen years of age without that child touching the person's penis. It was the light of day in 1980 as the Indecency with Children Act. What little authority there is in the Act suggests that the penis must be erect. It was intended to remedy defects in the law relating to Indecent Assault where children were concerned. The penalty is up to six months imprisonment at Magistrates Court or up to two years in Crown Court. About 1000 prosecutions take place per year. Again, this Act would affect naturists whether as the principal element of felony nudity (inside or outside the leaves) is concerned. The alternative is that has far wider than these authorities have suggested, so there is great scope for formal practice by particularly minded police and social workers or neighbours. The magistrate has also extended to a case where a man showed two pictures of a couple of adults making love to two girls - nothing less, nothing more - and he was imprisoned for six months.

I have listed offences where there need be no sexual intent to prove the crime, and have neglected the ones like illegal rape, buggery, sexual assault which will be of practical or academic interest, but which will not do to drift over into the realm of naturism. There is a lot of need besides to reveal a forcefully made scope for misuse of those laws by anyone, whether they be private citizen or public authority. I see readers are a new Parliament founded on genuine crushing equality back into English society fuelled by the media and representation of American righteous interests. We tend too much to base far common sense but we must be prepared to stand up to any charges wrongfully laid against us. Far minded females will have noted that much of the above legislation is aimed at males and perhaps they can be counted on to support their naturist brethren?

Finally a short paragraph on how the courts view 'Obscenity' and 'Indecency'. Although for example the Obscenity and Indecency Act and the Obscenity and Indecency Act are seen as a single concept, and will happily uphold natural material and subsequently prosecute a case at the drop of a hat, more recent legal rulings have managed to separate the two into shades of meaning, propping 'Indecent' as the term used

against naturists. Now what is such to one person is not to another and there is the problem. If a case is brought to magistrates court founded on any of the above offences, it is the view of the magistrates themselves (or the chairman that counts) as an entirely subjective one. Based solely on their experience, upbringing, understanding and viewpoint. That they for too frequently are seen to uphold rather than interpret the law regarding Indecency in England can easily lessen the regard we might otherwise have for them - thus colouring our own attitudes of self defence, and self-righteousness as individuals towards our very harmless little pursuit of blissness - whichever it is.

Peter Perry

From Article Two Autumn 1993 Pages 12/13/14

Jim Affleck

THE HISTORY OF NUDITY

In the first of a series of articles Jim Affleck brings to STARKERS readers an accessible guide to the ancient world. In the following issues he will be uncovering the mysteries of the Roman and Medieval worlds but for now let your appetite be whetted at Ancient Greece.

ANCIENT GREECE - SAND, WAR, DIVINITY.

THE GAMES AT OLYMPIA

Fingers dug deep into the dusty surface of the sunning track laid down into the grooved marble slab below, waiting for the starter's signal, eagerly hearing the confused baying of the crowd trying to listen for a roar, a shout from family friends, anyone from your City. The City you are training for. Crowded down among the noisy crowds, sweating under the hot sun, shivering with fear of future death, waiting for the starter's signal.

Offering your speed, your skill, your years of training, your imperfect naked body in this race, to honour your family, your City and its Gods. If you were young, a moment of immortality as you join up with the great heroes of your city in legend and know time. Those who had down as law, fought and competed for it, winning respect for your City from the other Cities of Greece.

It difficult to get inside your own head, not least because it often seems to keep changing. As for our nearest and dearest, there are whole sub continents of misunderstanding and misrepresentation lying in wait there. So how can we hope to try and understand people who have been dead for 2 or 3½ thousand years? How can we know how they thought and felt?

What we know is that the vast majority of Greeks were illiterate. What has come down to us are the literary texts of the great Athenian dramatists, written in a heightened poetic language like Shakespeare's which brought them of thousands of people into the theatre all over Greece. What we also have are rather simple, whose elaborate decoration has been washed away by time, mutilated statues and marvellous painted pottery. What we don't have is the real thing, the living, the painting, music and dance nor any idea of how ordinary



people thought and felt. Even the memorial statues to their beloved dead use a language of grief as formal as we use in our cemeteries. What we do have is a few statues, quite a few poems, many odes and some graffiti. We also have the glorious marble slab at Olympia and beyond that, the dusty seat of the rolling back.

HOW THE GAMES ORIGINATED

The Dorians, the ancestors of the Greeks, came down from the North and took over the Greek peninsula and the islands of the Aegean Sea. Apart from a few flat plains Greece is basically a limestone plateau, with hills and mountains dividing off each parcel of arable land.

Whatever power structure the Dorians originally arrived with - chieftains, kings - was dissolved away by the geographical separation of each settlement. They would look like us to settled villages, many like the islands, only approachable by sea. So each settlement became autonomous, they made their own laws and they ruled themselves.

The Dorians absorbed or employed the original inhabitants and fused with the enthusiasm of all new settlers set to work tending down trees. The timber was used for construction. For the first Greek temples for shipbuilding and for fuel. Increasing flocks of sheep and goats prevented any regeneration of the tree cover. The Greek landscape as we know it from the Lake District where the softer sort of primitive farmers used their axes and their flocks to destroy the tree cover and make the hillside barren after the last Ice Age. In Greece, however, washed off the limestone in the water and carried with it much of the arable soil, so the long hot summers, spring that did not last were considered sacred, so too was what was left of the land. This was to be fought over as the villages grew into the City States.

VILLAGE GAMES

The villages competed among themselves - for recognition by the village as being the strongest, quickest, the best tactician. Then they began to challenge the neighbouring villages to compete against them. Our nearest equivalent would be the Highland Games.

The Greek village games were in fact training for war - either against a foreign enemy or against better neighbours. Villages were often strung together in some unstable alliance based on mutual hatred or a sense of honour or on some hope of future gain. Land was.

The disciplines of the games were firstly throwing things, stones, spears and the like which could disable the enemy at a distance. Secondly, running was really important - running after the enemy if he was despised, to finish him off or relishing quickly if he was not. Horse jumping over obstacles could be decisive. But what was most important was wrestling, because after the formal exchange of insults between two sides, they usually ended up in scrappy, mudslinging encounters, one on one, in the dust of the plain or along the rocky sides of a dried up stream bed.

THE NAKED MOMENT

The Dorians, like most Northern tribes, were deeply attached to their clothes and extremely protective of their genitalia - the Greeks were far gentler in this, the shameful part. Under the hot Greek sun and the pressures of athletic competition their descendants evolved a kind of loincloth - probably like those worn by farmers in India today. It allowed the athlete and especially the runner a greater freedom of movement. This story goes that at one of the village games, one of the runners found his loincloth chafing - worse, overheating with the sun getting away from him. With the honour of the village at stake as well as his own, he tore the cloth away and ran naked for the first time. Witnessing the spectacle of hysterical laughter and the tears of astonishment, the spectators suddenly silence. For those who were watching

an extraordinary vision of the beauty of the moving human body, a dream suddenly made real under the hot Greek sun of speed and grace. The naked runner himself transcending all in a moment, the better local feuding and the society mutual rivalry of all their lives.

NUDE ATHLETES - NAKED GODS

The farthest villages developed into the City States, drawing on their own local limitations and on the colonies they planted overseas - in Asia Minor and the far plains of Italy and Southern Italy - answering the need for scarce arable land.

The athletic games between the City States reinforced the



primitive village sports - those at Olympia were the most famous of all.

The thrown stone evolved into the spinning discus. The spear became the javelin which with a wrist throw, could be sent spinning through the air paring deep into the finest armour. Running and wrestling - the core of the games - remained unchanged. At the athletes in all the disciplines completed in the rules with one exception: the PANKRATION - the most popular of all the events, a sort of all in wrestling reminding the madhouse spectators combats in the real world of war. For this event the contestants were barely protected. There were only two rules: no gouging of the eyes and no strangulation to death. Two referees were needed in the ring, armed with sticks to control it.

Their fellow citizens rewarded their successful athletes with the equivalent of a pension for life, perhaps an exemption recording their achievement or a bronze statue to honour the hero even in his own lifetime.

The Greeks built huge gaudy temples to the God or Gods who in myth or legend could be claimed to represent their City and, so, enhanced in it perhaps help to defend it when required. Above all the temples were built to impress visitors - tourists and traders and even the citizenry themselves. This municipal competitiveness is reminiscent of the one reason that built the Gothic cathedrals of Medieval Europe.

Around and below these temples was the reality of the poverty endemic in Greek City life. Clusters of stone huts, shops and small factories as well as houses, where a family would think itself well fed on a diet of unleavened bread, some olives and a few dried sardines. Roads that were never more than tracks, scarce water and garbage left to rot where it fell all added to the misery. Beyond the City walls, further out beyond the farms and olive groves bare and denuded limestone crags.

Each City had its training ground where boys and young men trained in the nude for the Games and for war. A heavily seeded circle on one side a small changing hut, a primitive latrine and a large tub filled with water from some distant spring. Around the edge crowds of spectators - family friends and old men straggly with the ancient generation - eager to recall the superior speed and strength of their heroes from previous years. The equality of competition on the training ground was thought to teach the athletes loyalty, pride in their City, close friendship, stamina and quick thinking. And it mirrored at least for a time the democracy of their City. All male adults who were citizens had an equal vote - they voted and listened themselves to pay for what they had voted for. They themselves were the soldiers in their armies and they showed the rewards which they felt due to protect their City or to increase its power.

THE GAMES

At the Games the athletic team from each City offered a sacrifice to the Gods of their City. Was this a sort of insurance against failure? How did the Greeks see their Gods?

Perhaps they saw them as simple abstractions of human virtues and desires - expressions of their own thirst for Wisdom (Athena), enlightenment (Apollo) or Love (Aphrodite). It is important to remember that the Greek belief in the deified nature of human beings - no single human being could contain all such virtues.

The power of the Gods to influence human life was ambiguous: they were both a sacrifice or two at important moments. But the iron laws of Fate ruled the Gods too - just as they did all human life and they could not be broken. What seems clear is that from the moment that first village hero ran naked around his country track the Greeks began re-interpreting their gods in human form. And because of this the human athlete or local hero or statesman could hope to become a sort of God - winning a sort of immortality for his exceptional courage or strength, wisdom or stubbornness and join the ranks of the heroic ancestors and legendary heroes like Heracles whose life bridged the void between the human and the divine.

So, for the first time in the human history of the world - leaving aside the wooden statues of ritual deities and the sumatran pornography of South Indian temple decoration - Greek citizens presented to their fellow citizens their Gods in the form of men and women, modelled on their own naked bodies divine sculpture in metal and stone.

TWILIGHT

In any ancient Greek City at the half light of early evening when the major Gods of the City were actively looked up for the night in their massive marble temples, the ghostly white marble of the efforts and the memories in the dusk gleaming in the half light, the silvery gold naked bronze statues of the Gods of heroic ancestors and the City's heroes standing almost alive in the fading light.

These must have been the most moving images men had yet made in homage to himself.

From Starkers Issue Two Autumn 1983 Pages 25/212/22

STARKERS

THE MAGAZINE THAT UNCOVERS IT ALL



ISSUE THREE WINTER 93/94 WORTH WAITING FOR!

GABRIAN -
BILL WYMAN



WHERE ARE THE ETHNIC NUDISTS?

As sociable nudists we regard ourselves as unbridled, tolerant, slightly rebellious and exhibitionistic. We see ourselves as being a bit different from your average fuddy - although if Mr Average fuddy were to remove his clothes and we nudists put on ours there would be little visible difference. We do tend to get upset when our views are not shared by non-nudists and find their jokes about nudists and nudist camps a little tiring after a while. On the whole a nudist is a person who is good to know, mostly harmless and, to all intents and purposes, a jolly nice person.

A nice cosy little picture isn't it? Sadly, life being what it is, completely untrue. From my experiences of nudism it seems that if you don't quite conform with the nudy picture above, then you are unwanted. For example, if you are homosexual or single then you are judged as being slightly oddball, dangerous to children or a threat to the wife.

This article is not however about gays or single men. I have noticed in this country that nudism is almost exclusively white - with few oriental, black or brown people in evidence at Bournemouth during last summer. I spent six weeks or so in Dorset during the summer of 1993 and only recall seeing two black faces the whole summer long - and these belonged to single males. I was also aware of the somewhat cautious comments made about one of these men when they came to stay on the same campsite, albeit with white friends. It was then I looked closer at the possibility of racism within nudism.

Even within the pages of this magazine I have not seen any photographs of any black people, although I am sure this is not because they are not permitted - rather non have been submitted.

I have reason to believe that even the open minded nudist movement is blighted by racial bigotry and whilst acknowledging we are all naked beneath our clothes the nudist movement does not generally admit those with a different skin pigmentation as equals.

Our society is not very tolerant of our fellow citizens from different ethnic backgrounds and has a vast vocabulary to describe them in negative terms. When a non-white person gets something before a white person or achieves, through their own hard work something grand, the white populace will deride their achievements and in some cases this ends up as a physical attack. In nudism it is confined to verbal abuse and exclusion.

How many clubs throughout the country have a significant ethnic membership? Few, I think. I have tried to examine why ethnic minorities are not present in nudism - bearing in mind that nudism is itself a minority pastime. Taking this into account still leaves us with a lack of ethnic participants.

It's definitely not a class barrier for nudists come from all levels of society - perhaps not the Royals yet but who knows? Likewise, it can't be wealth - there are many unemployed nudists and some extremely wealthy ones. It might be politics but there are left, right and centre nudists. Perhaps it's exposure of skin to the elements - but, I can't be that. Just because you're black doesn't mean you don't get sunbath.

Is it that the nudist establishment are a bunch of racist, right wing racist bastards actively discouraging ethnic

minorities from joining in the pleasurable experience of going naked? The evidence seems to point this way.

Perhaps the only one place in nudism and that is to get rid of the ridiculous rules that prevent us from going naked where we wish. It is a way of life which should encourage all to accept everybody for who and not what are. I am naked before you, then you accept me as I am.

We are a multi-racial, multi-cultural society. Let's ensure nudism embraces that ideal without question. There are enough problems within the textile world that nudism can help us side-step, they do not bother us. But there is a reason to accept racism in nudism or elsewhere. I hope to see more black, brown and faces on our nudist beaches this coming summer!

Then, and only then, will I believe nudism is reaching every corner of British culture.



From Issue Three Winter 1993 Page 28

STARKERS

THE MAGAZINE THAT UNCOVERS IT ALL



ISSUE 4 SPRING/SUMMER ISSUE. WHO CARES?
IT'S JULY 1994 AND THE SUN IS SHINING!

STAR KERS

EDITORIAL

TONY SNIBE

A band of men recently declared in conversation that feminism is, essentially, 'an anti activity'. She added that feminists were a door bunch who lacked a sexual dimension and who could 'benefit from letting themselves go enjoy a massage and have a bit of adult fun'.

Upright members on the club scene would condemn her out of hand. Adult sexualists would praise her for insouciance. For majority who sit somewhere in between the bawdy or prude would be qualified.

For thirty years the most fierce of social nudity have been held together by a concerted desire of the visual in the natural state of nudity. This understandable position is thankfully under a process of reevaluation and comes out something like: there is sex amongst nudists, sure but it doesn't happen at our club. This is a paradox. It is both true and a lie.

These members of a sex or terms, etc are not expected to defend their position or to meet here there, but these members would no doubt react very defensively if, on joining a new member asked what chance he or she had for a quick shag with a game and a shower.

Nudists are always questioned by outsiders on sex because in the popular mind, nudity is inextricably linked to intercourse. Quite why that is so is an enigma, as mysterious to this writer as to why in any English T.V. channel in which a character who tells

or is punned into a row or paid accolade from an audience great hosts of laughter. As the nude equals sex link cannot be refuted it is time to admit there is a sexual element in nudism, not as large as some would believe, but large enough for it to have a place in the new canon of human social nudity. 'Yes we have sex. Going and interacting with groups of other naked people sometimes turns us on, given our rather predictable and mundane tactile lives an occasional treat. So what? Next question?'

If we classify social nudism as primarily an adult activity we place ourselves in the awkward position of confirming the sexually speculations and concerns that have always been levelled against us as a group. We surrender to their malice - as misplaced and morally culpable as it is.

If on the other hand we defend the right of all people: men, women, children, the single, the old and the gay, to take part in social nudism on the beaches and in the clubs and insist on the liberated decorum and racist manners, we maintain control of the argument, win the pseudo debate and can move on to other political issues.

Nudists are not sponsors of some sort of open air sex venue but neither are we some obscure branch of homoerotic virgins discharging our senses with vigorous embrace and cold swimming pools.

First and foremost we are here to enjoy our own skins. We are also the best placed and equipped members of the species to escape the trap of self repression and puritanism.

Let us not deny nor defend with antique weapons this avowed glorious position we have secured.

Editorial Issue Four Spring 1994 Page 3

MIKE THOMAS

HAIR TO STAY!

THE PUBIC HAIR AU NATUREL (P.H.A.N.) GROUP REPLIES TO THE SMOOTHIE CLUB

I should like to start, if I may, by apologising to leaders of the Smoothie Club for the failure to make Issue Three of STAR KERS. We were apologetic for the article in the Guardian, and for mention at Radio 4, and things in the P.H.A.N. editors have been a bit busy.

With regard to The Smoothie Club, our organisation the Public Hair Au Naturel Grouping (P.H.A.N.) would like take issue as to whether showers were an integral part of the natural scene at all. The picture of Raymond in Issue Three inevitably what is so, is a distant look at tan around the groin - those shaved white marks that no self-respecting nudist ever sports. Raymond states that he feels sorry without his public hair - yes, well - bully for him, but is he not just using naturism to negative his obvious desire to flash his shaven shaved inside at the world's most nudist beaches are plagued with a homosexual clientele using naturism as a cover for cruising, and we are currently experiencing a rash of puerile personalities with puerile partners, whose identity pattern even in late August, is indicative of their self interest in naturism. It's not that I'm such a con what they do with their bodies and minds. I just think naturism could well do without these fellow travellers. Take, if you can, Sue Poer, (President and PRO of the C.C.B.N.) - a nudist? Or a large bag of nudists grinding her eye in the nudist movement?

Is the editorial in STAR KERS Issue One Tony Snibe asked, 'what should we be looking for in this deeply mutilated activity of ours to progress in the minds of the British public?' Well, for a

start we could ask enquiries such as Raymond, La Poer and the parents to go and fight their own battles for acceptance elsewhere.

In his article, Raymond attempts to justify his conversion by reference to ancient practices amongst the Greeks and Romans - hardly a brilliant argument. Few would defend any child abuse on the grounds of its long history, of recommended rotten flesh enemies as a wonderful old English custom. As to females respectable anatomy in several Asian countries would those for the same Asian countries whose respect for the female form extends to respecting of the clitoris as well?

A shaven vagina is seen as clean and vaginal apparently whereas Raymond in scientific mode tells us that body hair harbours sweat and lice and things, it is dark and dirty and a little disgusting. Oh dear. Were the men in The Smoothie Club so enamoured with their status, Barbie Dolls that they turn women as the same way Swift's Shaggy viewed Chloe until their wedding night.

No honourous grass or heavy skirts
No osseous Vellus or overly accents
Before behind above below
Could from her fearless body flow
(She) would so discreetly Tanga dispose
None ever saw her pluck in Ross
Her dewlap contrived never caught her
Spout on her fairs. So make Miss a Weller

And did they suffer the same rash overlooking

Shaggy who had of the flowing hair
As from a newly Giff and
Cry'd out, ye Gods, what shaven is this?
Oen Clabbe, inevitably Cnew peas?



The Smoothies' problem is that they cannot cope with grown women and their body hair, but prefer instead to pervert the flesh and equate femininity with hairlessness. To say that the hairless female pelvis is a symbol of youth and femininity is nonsense - it's a symbol of childhood and adolescence. Germano Greco correct when he states that such ideas have their source in a false construction of female sexuality which makes women

adolescent and child-like and that anything hinting at aggressive sexuality, such as the personal assembly of body hair is the prerogative of the male only.

Women's body hair is a matter of sexual politics. Its removal is an attempt to force real women into an idealised image that the inadequate male will find non-threatening. This is a pretty horrendous attitude in the female world, but surely nudists should accept and respect people for what they are. Well, of all people, should be able to say 'love me, love my bush'!

At P.H.A.N. we know well enough that sexuality male or female, is governed by a steroid androgen, testosterone, produced by the testes in men and in small amounts by the ovaries in women. Testosterone is responsible for the so called 'male' characteristics such as aggression, sex drive, and body hair. At puberty the pituitary gland triggers the production of testosterone, and amongst other things, pubic hair appears. A woman's pubic hair is a powerful, unequivocal sign of her sexual maturity and sex drive which is why it seldom appears in works of art, and until recently was vigorously attributed from magazine pictures. You can always tell a cinema to recognise what a hairy and as an intrinsically hairy looks much like a woman, one the camera could not resist that they had removed any danger of sexual stimulation. Men who leave their pubic region possibly because they lack such reflexes are, inevitably, hairy men, but men who force their women to shave (very few do it voluntarily after the first painful experience) and men who prefer shaven women are embarrassingly common. When they are shaven it is that they don't want to see their mature woman, and feel less threatened by the pre-pubescent sexual appearance of the hairless female.

Raymond asks, 'hairy enough, if I have had the smooth look. Oh Raymond, men shaves men shaves. Most of us have out of curiosity or clinical necessity, and we don't like it any more. The least, to put it mildly, and for the well-endowed especially women the regrowth is excruciatingly painful. Sex after a shave has a floating novelty, if one can ignore the pseudophilic overtones, but the next night it's like snagging Desperate Dan. For nudists, nudity is certainly a one-off experience or just take our word for it and give it a mass altogether!

P.H.A.N. costs as a counter balance to the debilitating effects an attainment of the pale skin proper to us. We seek to promote in naturism and elsewhere the proper view that woman's body hair is not a right to be eradicated, but a blessing to be cherished. We believe that pubic hair should be appreciated in the same terms as the hair on your head, with the emphasis on long and lustrous. P.H.A.N. men don't pounce about pelting their pubesence. No P.H.A.N. women ponders to the perverted preferences of a potential paedophile. P.H.A.N. isn't forced by femininity for the bigger the bush the better. If the sight of shaven men makes you reach for your shades, join us. If you are a woman waving your bikini line, get real! get real, burn the bikini (join P.H.A.N.) If you have a strong pubic growth and want to take pride in its natural appearance amongst real aficionados, then contact P.H.A.N. and you can become our P.H.A.N. member or P.H.A.N. fan at 100% of our camping, retail in Dorset, near Studland Beach this summer.

Membership of P.H.A.N. is open to all who approach us with an open mind and wish to support our efforts, or conversely to associate with other members. AP.H.A.N. costs and values are suitable for females, one parent families, couples and single women, but the position of single men (silly chaps) is dependent upon the rules of the establishment we are visiting. For further information, please send us a s.e.t. with a letter detailing your interests to the STAR KERS editor, Mike Thomas, page 3 and 4, or write to the P.H.A.N. office, 100% of our camping, retail in Dorset, near Studland Beach this summer.

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space of the beach and the absence of symbols of restraint makes for a big difference. By restraint I mean the physical nature of the club. Minuscule doors and paths, large areas of 'grass' and the restraining eyes of members looking for infringements or unsuitable behaviour are what I'm talking about. I've seen the easy friendships made on a day to day basis on the beach and I've witnessed the playground rivalry instilled in the confines of the club. Children don't like to be in the sun for very long and they like to mess about in pools but the club expects them to be happy with sunbaths and swims. Adolescent groups may want to walk off into the woods for a bit of juvenile sexual behaviour are readily brought to the attention of 'caring' members who interfere out of a sense of propriety and moral

righteousness. My first experience of outdoor sex was in the local playground. I took all the woods in my club and sent my eye over to where my fifteen year old daughter is engaged in an adolescent exercise with her friends and a couple of slightly older lads. If they give off and get for a walk in the woods would I stop them? No! She knows what's what. I've told her. The woods beckon and a more comfortable place in which to discover love - juvenile or mature - cannot be improved upon.

From issue 5/8 Winter 1994 Pages 3-14

Mike Reynolds

NAKED ADVENTURES IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

I'd always been interested in far-out travel and strange people. I recall at the age of ten picking up a book at my grandmother's about the early life in Australia and avidly reading the small print while staring at the back of the pages. Englishmen dressed in plus-fours, stout boots, carrying shotguns, were shooting at naked men with spears. I remember then wishing I could go naked with or without spears.

It was for this reason that I loved my daily bath because after I could run naked around the house, sporting a spear and stabbing my hot brother. Being shocked at to get dressed? Always put a damper on things.

Now, three decades later, I can do what I like and have many nude friends of my family around the world. The following is an account of just one of them.



While on his bush adventures Mike did not take a camera - so here's a picture of Mike on a cloudy Formentor.

very interesting people. One very hot morning with the temperature at 38 degrees, I stumbled upon this black guy - long on the back. Even though I knew he was an Aborigine I remarked on the colour of his hair. I was really to say, really, but he appeared that even Aborigine like to sunbathe and that his forefathers worshipped the sun. We spoke at length about our backgrounds then swam naked in the warm Indian Ocean. It inspired that he was a 30 year old doctor and loved to come to the beach and sleep off Friday he was taking a 'silly' leaving in his office. He commented on my rear bald skin and I was prepared to hear that I was a 'jersey bastard'. He invited me to his home for a meal and I readily agreed.

Gonger's wife was a small woman with a dark black skin a stocky build, had two shaggy sons and a daughter in the veg and was a business look. All were naked in the bush and I was expected to join them. Which I easily did. The boys were trying to drown each other in the pool as we sat sipping gin and tonics pure bliss. I commented on the abundance of body hair that he this year old son possessed while even his seven year old brother had begun to grow body hair. Gonger told me that the Aborigine physiology is quite different to that of Europeans. Over dinner, which consisted of cold steak kangaroo steaks and loins of Aussie Chardonnay, I started to talk of my life long ambition to go native in the bush. Gonger seemed surprised as he too had a yearning to taste the life his forefathers had lived. There and then I was agreed that we would go to the bush. Howls of despair came from the boys when they knew that their schooling career had and would not be accompanying us.

Two days later we were in a battered old Jeep, heading north east out of Perth. Soon we were driving naked, our small expedition had begun. Mike driving is quite common in Australia and I was standing up on my seat with the sun beating down while travelling at a steady 55 m.p.h. After a day on the road we suddenly stopped and Gonger said 'This is where we start'. He meant that I wear my trousers otherwise I'd put my feet on the sheep rocks, and they were all I wore. It felt strange leaving the Jeep parked by the side of the road and walking into the bush and away from civilisation. Being naked made it more strange.

We decided to walk for five days without washing, taking our time and exploring. The temperature was 43 degrees. Gonger taught me how to eat and drink in the bush, what berries to eat, and what to leave well alone. One bush I recall had delicious berries but poisonous leaves while a shrub alongside which looked very similar had poisonous berries and very edible leaves. We ate gubs that were very tasty. Wochly grubs, found in the roots of certain shrubs, tasted the most pork after cooking them on an open fire. We ate rubber well. Water, and finding water, seemed a different matter in what appeared to be hundreds of miles of desert. Gonger would look around and simply say 'Dig there' and sure enough two feet down there would be clear cool water.

On the second night Gonger sent me away to walk for an hour while he caught rabbits. He said my European body smell could affect his chances of catching it. I stayed. By the time I returned he had skinned them and was roasting them on the fire. Before they

were ready he got too near an ants nest and was covered in bits on his back and legs. He instructed me to jump between leaves and to mix them with spit and urine then to apply them all over the bites. These ants were about an inch long with a painful bite. Soon we walked down to and coast rain forest with well kept grass, Chumra roots and wild nuts. A feast - all that was missing was a cold glass of Chardonnay!

Evenings in the bush can be quite cold so we slept on flat rocks which retained the heat of the day. Even at three in the morning with the air cool the rocks were still warm. I woke to find a huge scorpion on my stomach. I don't know to this day who was the most scared but I screamed off. Perhaps it did not fancy European meat! There were other scary creatures. Honey ants were little buggers with a sac of honey at one end and teeth at the other. The stick was to push them up by the teeth and send them back out the honey at the other end. One it back to front and it would take out a chunk of fat. After half a day of this I gave up with the ants winning five of my seven aborigines. Gonger laughed like a don at my efforts, 'your jammy bastard!' he shouted, until one of the honey ants bit him at the balls leaving him howling for an hour.

On my third morning in the bush I felt really good. The Jeep was twenty miles away and I felt like a real native. No people, no cars, no telephone, just peace with the world. Looking up I could see the export trails of a Qantas jet - it had to be Qantas, I'm a hapless reminder. People encased in a metal container, dug. We had slept near a natural lake and had swum in the cool clear water the night before and had seen kangaroos drinking along with birds, lizards and eelskins and even birds of prey. Now before breakfast I went off to use the water for a swim. Gonger was sporting a huge erection and I wasn't surprised when he asked me to give him a hand job. The Aborigines have a really healthy attitude towards sex. While nearly all of them are heterosexual and see their women as life partners in the

absence of women the most best thing is your friend. They make no big deal about it. I split Gonger's seed over the ground and he thought the gods were looking kindly on him. Anyway, doesn't everybody like a good work in the morning? If it's in the bush with a handsome doctor, what better time or place? Gonger could not get over the fact that I wasn't circumcised. 'You're not a real man until you've been cut', he said. He told me his sons had been done at birth while females, oh there were, large disinterested sometimes where as many as thirty of forty boys were all done together. A circumcised party sounds strange these days and the use of sharp stones to do the cutting sounds awful.

On the fourth day we visited some dark caves and Gonger taught me to read the wall stonings. I was fascinated to discover that the Aborigines had candles in the past - made out of the bladders of wild animals.

Lunch on the final day was to be gathered by me. I was on 'test'. I knew where the nearest water was and I collected a handful of nuts and several edible cacti. Wonderful! I thought - until it was pointed out to me that I had served the meal we would both have died - for I had pecked the wrong bloody nuts.

By the time we returned to our Jeep my trousers were in tatters. But I felt fantastic. My skin was nearly pitch black, just like the apes photos in that book at those years ago. A message on my wristband asked us to phone the police on our return, which we did. Telling them we'd just been up in the bush for a few days. It had taken me thirty years to get to the bush and I had loved every minute. It is something I will never forget. Meanwhile, writing this out brings back to mind the time I went nude pear fishing in Fiji when I felt you about sometime.

From issue 5/8 Winter 1994 Pages 18/19



FOUR OF THE STARS OF NUDIST NATION TAKE A BREAK DURING FILMING PHOTO: MARK NISBET

STARKERS

THE MAGAZINE THAT UNCOVERS IT ALL



HEY! ISN'T STARKERS AVAILABLE IN PLACES LIKE BRITAIN?

BECAUSE THEIR FEE IS FIFTY PERCENT OF THE COVER PRICE AND THEY'D CLAIM IT AS A SEX MAGAZINE!

AND THEY WOULDN'T ALLOW THE SWIM THAT MADE US NUDISTS ON THE COVER!

ISSUE 7 SPRING/SUMMER 95 44 PAGES OF NEWS
FEATURES, REVIEWS, FUN, FROLICS & FAKERY!

Gymnos 88

MEN ONLY SWIM NIGHTS AND SOCIALS

Gymnos 88 offers members more than twice weekly men only natural swimming sessions at a public baths in Hackney and London. It is also a social group who meet regularly for parties and socials in London and in southern England. Members who arrange attractively priced holidays at better cost abroad. The Gymnos group in one form or another has been around for many years. Mark Nisbet went along to one of their regular Tuesday night swims. Look some photos and interviewed Mark and Jonathan.

I arrived at the baths on a cold March night and set myself down with the group of men sitting around the winding machines in the ad hoc outdoor. Their conversation was animated - a true indicator of a vibrant social group. I was immediately struck by the friendliness of everybody - nobody seemed to be sitting around just staring at their feet. Jonathan arrived and as no one had not seen one another for some time I soon found my voice contributing to the general hubbub. At eight o'clock the pool was clear and ready for the Gymnos session. As the baths were Edwardian (in general) there was no need for the usual privacy screening required by more modern leisure pools. Recently introduced the baths possessing a distinctive glass and the water was instantly warm. People continued to arrive after the session commenced and within a short time some fifty or sixty men of all age groups filled the pool. Some were obviously serious swimmers and proceeded to work out their lengths, while others seemed content with a splash before grouping at the shallow end to continue conversations in the cafe and changing rooms. Two hangers-on prowled the perimeter: one a professional employed by Gymnos, the other a member of Gymnos trained by the former - both clothed for obvious identification purposes.

The photo session took place immediately with a few volunteers. Not everybody at the same could be expected to be favourable to the camera but I have to say unlike conventional natural swims I have attended with a camera the response of Gymnos members was positive and helpful. Mark Jonathan and myself then retired to a bench at the corner where the following taped interview took place. I anticipated editing the interview into an article but an reflective thought that Mark and Jonathan capably explained the Gymnos credo and answered my questions without hesitation and as I have left it in their own words - with only slight adjustments and small corrections here and there to maintain the flow.

What is the idea behind Gymnos? - In the sense of why was the group set up and who is it for and what was it set up?

Let's go back to the beginning. There was a group called Gymnos which met here and there back into the depths of time that were not aware of it doesn't involve any of the present people. It was run by somebody who was filling it and who was making a mess of running the club and it had got down to about three people when it was rescued by our present leader who is called Brian, and that was in 1988. It also coincided with the fact that this pool shut down for refurbishment and re-opened in 1988, so in a sense what happened was that a new club took over an old name and an old booking and came on. From those fifteen members that had survived the change, Brian and others, like myself, have between us built up into about 300 odd members. But the name claims the original group but the person who originally ran it died in the interim so there is now no link with the past.

Who is Gymnos for?

It's for male naturists.

Is it true that Gymnos started out as a mixed nude swimming group but evolved into a gay men only swimming session? If so, why was that?

I'm not sure that is true but it's certainly true that on one occasion because there was some adverse comment about our failure to send women that they were invited and they arrived in very small numbers such that they had accommodated and outnumbered and never came again. It was as a result of that experience it was decided to revert to a men only group and stick with that, because after all it's not fair if you advertise yourself as a mixed group if you're not really one and two women they are going to feel intimidated and overrepresented in that situation so it's not fair to bring them in the first place.

I feel myself, personally, as if I've fallen into a trap here by calling it a gay men's swimming group. This is clearly incorrect.

No, it's a men only natural group. Now because it's men only therefore the vast majority of the members are going to be gay or bisexual. We don't exclude anybody on the grounds of orientation. It's not an issue as far as we are concerned but obviously if you ask the people here to identify themselves you're going to get 90% identifying as gay - that's in the nature of being a men only group.

How popular is it? Has the number of participants increased or decreased over the years? What sort of age and social class groups attend Gymnos swim nights? Is it popular with ethnic groups?

Well it's everybody from twenties to seventies - I'm only fourteen we meet on age. As we don't take anybody aged younger than eighteen.

Was it twenty one until the recent change in the law?

No it's always been eighteen. As for social class it's the whole spectrum, there's no particular class.

A bit like the club and nudist scene is general...

Yes.

A question which I think you've already answered really are most of the men here tonight at gay men who just enjoy weekly naked swimming or b) gay men who are also naturists or c) both?

Yes. Some people come here to do some serious swimming, some people like being naked itself, some treat it as a social thing, they meet and make friends and then go out to the pub afterwards and so on. I know a couple who recently went on a sking holiday recently by way of meeting here.

Do you know if any of the men here tonight also attend mixed gender and orientation swim nights - for example those events organised by naturist clubs and groups?

I wouldn't think very many. I know of one who comes here.

swimsuits who go to Gynae to type functions - like at Watford Wednesday - and I might want to be in a Bournemouth. I think the issue here is that we are not very welcome at that sort of event and that is really our justification. That's why we are here - to a certain extent.

Do you think you ever get married even attending Gynae meetings?

Well, we know that there are married men here

That's OK?

It doesn't bother us. I think they tend to be sensitive about it as far as their partners are concerned which is why we're careful in our public identification, not to identify as gay, because it could be that the name is familiar to a spouse and if she discovered that her husband was going to what was perceived as a gay group that would cause some trauma. There are certainly some married men here, but not many.

What other activities does Gynae organise? Is the swim night just one of several social activities?

Yes every weekend, mostly Saturday nights, we have a social event. They're held in the members homes and they're all over southern England not just in London because our membership base covers London and the surrounding counties. We organise holidays and this year we've got one organised in Somerset and Cap d'Agde and one in Corsica. Members take advantage of some local booking arrangements and get substantial savings. Other things we do include a contact list so that you can make contact with other members, but to get the list you have to be as a friend and letters go through the club box number. Another thing we do is that we train our own delegates, we employ a lifeguard instructor on Tuesdays to train our own lifeguards and then the R.C.S.D. instructor will come and we've had two exams here and assess them during the season. We employ the lifeguard for one night - Tuesdays and for the Friday night session we use our own.

Hackney Council is clearly sympathetic to male swimming sessions, as they are to ladies only nights. Are there any other London boroughs or local councils in the country at large who support similar ventures?

In fact we follow the ladies night on Tuesdays. It's ladies only immediately before us. Certainly there are other male nude swimming nights. I'm aware of one in Gillingham, and there's also the University of London that has a Friday night session that complies with us, which is why our numbers are better as a Tuesday.

Has Gynae ever been 'investigated' by the local press - the Hackney or Islington Gazette, for example, - and pilloried or praised?

We've never had any press articles about us. Both involved around the swimming club which is here before us on a Friday. In one article they said that parents were concerned for their children who might catch HIV from swimming in the same water as us and that was scolded by the council, very aggressively in our favour, and they said 'what a load of nonsense it is'. Another problem arose when the council cancelled one of the swimming club sessions, because the council wanted to let it to a lesbian swimming group, and although it was on a night when we weren't even on the premises, it was a Wednesday that club saw fit to drag us into that argument as well. On that occasion we defended ourselves, we wrote letters to the paper. To the councillor who had become involved, and to the swimming club themselves demanding an explanation. In fact we never got a response from the councillor, but the president of the swimming club did write us a letter of apology. One of papers had a headline saying that we gays were robbing Olympic hopefuls of glory and what have you, but it isn't an Olympic sized pool to start with.

It's a natural 'trans' that social activity appeals for more to men than women. Some of the reasons advanced for this are a) men are less inhibited about their bodies because there's very little pressure on them to be 'attractive' (perfect, if that this is changing), or b) most men are exhibitionists while

I really don't have an answer to that question. What are they about off - I suppose the only thing I could think of is that they've got this idea in their heads that their children might be at risk which is the prejudice that society at large has, there's always that prejudice that you must protect yourself, whatever the minority group is. People like to evade themselves and feel better by looking down on minorities. It's the usual thing they have coming to the bar but fast! That's what it comes down to. The problem largely lies with themselves.

Yes, I agree, it's a vicious problem, in the sense that someone's children are 'at risk' from the influence of a gay man this doesn't seem to apply to heterosexual men. I mean if all gay men allegedly want to have sex with young boys then why is the same assumption not made about heterosexual men? I personally don't desire sex with a twelve year old girl.

I think they're dumping? Most child sexual abuse in this country is heterosexual abuse - hardly surprising because straight people have children and gay don't.

My position is that naturists are not as enlightened as they seem to think they are - particularly when it comes to restrictive activities.

They're certainly not

Do you think naturist organisations should take the lead and actively encourage gay participation in clubs and events? After all, naturists have abandoned one of society's largest constraints, clothing, and if that is an act of personal liberation what is stopping them from freeing up the rest of their minds?

They will still get their heavy emotional baggage with them and if they would abandon that then we would all be the richer. Take most of the clubs in France, if you say to them 'well I'm a single man, they don't see it as an issue or straight they wonder why you are asking the question?' Even if the situation changed dramatically, I still think there would be a demand for clubs like ours, because it would also be true that there would be gay naturists that would like to make company, which isn't to say that on another occasion we might like a night out in the mainstream.

Finally, the name Gynae. Few people have a classical education these days - not even a little Latin and less Greek - so why choose a name that's a little obscure? For example, there are a number of nudist clubs and groupings in Australia who don't name words - one is called Serengeti and the other Gay Strangers Group. Do you think we British are afraid, guilty of hypocrisy and inhibition? Like naturists who call themselves naturists, shouldn't we be more open - or do you think we all, whether gay or just nudist, are apprehensive about the effects of openness would have? Could you see Gynae changing its name?

No, not really. I'm a bit of a traditionalist. I think if we were starting out now we might come up with a name such as you suggest, but I don't think it's a reason to stop the conversation with the past, which as I've said goes backward, goes back further than the people who presently live it.

Thanks very much

You're welcome.

It struck me that the men at Gynae were a happy accident, but they seemed to be swimming and socialising in a positive manner. There was a good cross section of them, of all ages, of all swimming abilities, enjoying the atmosphere of their common baths. They appeared to be a well disciplined group of pool users who obviously knew seriously the eighteen point Code of Practice to which Gynae members adhere.

I went along with a few judgemental attitudes only to be relieved of them promptly. I thought there would be quite a lot of 'gating' - but I saw none. The spectre of predatory behaviour simply did not materialise. I've seen more predatory behaviour and dangerous talking about at conventional swimming baths - natural and tame.

Regarding answers to my questions on the reactions of natural 'outsiders' and naturist attitudes in general to the place that homosexual men and women have in the organised naturist scheme of things I can only add the following remarks. The majority of either gender in the naturist movement is a 'trap' of the naturist mind, not always consciously denied any connection between sex and naturism - you know the 'it's just that we like to take our clothes off, sex doesn't come into it' angle. While naturists might not openly and publicly consider their sexual nudity with sexual intercourse, there's just as much sex going on at any given time, between a group of people who work at an office or who socialise in the pub as there is in a naturist club or venue. The only trouble is for some particular reason, naturists deny this part and the public aspect nudists to continue denying. Then as naturists we can continue to enjoy this (false) respect of the public while they the public, permit us to do our 'own thing', so long as it takes place behind the behind we forces of club compounds. When naturists start using non-traditional facilities for some strange reason, natural aficionados go to even greater lengths to ensure a quantity of respect is presented to the folk public. Instead of practicing a measure of liberation with an abandonment of repressive clothing, a sworded up perception of the human body we start pretending to be sexual vegans.

Because heterosexuality does not have to be fought for as a human right, homosexuality is an awkward position when they declare themselves to be both homosexual and nudist. The assumption is their sexuality is a priori: therefore they want to go in nudism because they want to use nudism for sexual purposes? They probably do - but no more far less than any heterosexual person who declares him or herself a nudist. The fact that their sexual identification, their sexuality, which is not the same as their sexual activities must be expressed (to counteract persistent repression) and meets such hostile resistance amongst nudists is a measure of our collective failure as heterosexuals and nudists to see the inherent sense of inclusiveness in the central argument so beloved of our natural 'elders'.

Surely as nudists, we have already broken the mould and depressed with several heavy sexual taboos. Yet currently gay men and women are perhaps more open about their sexuality than many heterosexuals are about their pursuit of sexual nudity. I suspect many heterosexual nudists are closeted nudists.

Perhaps, in welcoming gay men and women into the traditional naturist structure and using some of their tactics, we might be better equipped to deal with the failures of the public flock who when it is said and done only see actual where the papers tell them to see and hear where their political reasons tell them to be.

Contact: Gynae 88, DM Box 5147, London WC1N 3XX, 0181 851 4499

From Issue Seven Spring 1995 Pages 11/14

Best of Studies Page 27



Right to left - the editor of *Naturism* and Gynae members pose

women remain repressed by society and the self and lack body confidence. Do you have any other thoughts as to why men are, apparently, more willing to go socially naked?

I think the only explanation I can offer would be that women might feel that they were being sexually invited by being naked and that is a 'no' as far as most women are concerned. Whereas men like to think they are being sexually invited and want to encourage that picture of themselves. Perhaps it's a question best asked of a woman.

Attitudes towards gay men and women in society at large are slightly more tolerant than previous, but amongst orthodox naturist clubs and groupings attitudes have not changed significantly. Why is this so? What do you think they're afraid of?

Vaccinating the Coastline

Last summer **Robert Tedder** attempted a bold experiment in order to overcome the textile virus

Will further progress towards absolute public acceptance of nudism be possible with the lifestyle's present outlook?

Recent issues of *Starkers* have dealt with the legal necessities of public nudism. The law is strict and, in many cases, unbenevolently unjust. Even nudity in one's home is liable to censure.

There has been mention of the need to challenge the law by being naked where nakedness is not expected, to widen the acceptance of simple nudity. Truly as far as action goes the individual has fundamental problems - and group nudism is no help at all.

Consider the former. A textile can regard the nude nudist as an exhibitionist, and level the accusation of seeking attention despite 'look at me!' being a part of the fashion-related function of clothing.

There can also be the charge of irresponsible behaviour by not conforming to conventions. Removing all your clothes appears as conscious and ad of defiance as dying your hair pink as clear a message as five fingers - and not so far removed in meaning.

For the law while nudist there is also the pervert accusation. Females must be aware of the risk too, but it is to the men that the mud sticks more readily. It cannot be argued off. This accusation is like a verbal tattoo and should with our present legislation be of the greatest concern to male nudists when in the presence of children.

The individual who wants to change the accepted order will find that swimming against the tide is as futile as you would expect. At the very least, nudists will regard a single nudist as a damned nuisance. In any event, there will be no support for nudism and the message that we want to convey is lost.

Last summer having read the call to action, I undertook to have a go anyway. My home is a village on a coastline which is beautiful but overcrowded through even the hottest summer. Civilization is six miles away to the south and eight miles north - nothing but open country shoreline in between. It gives me many miles in which to make my first steps into nudism. My intention was to walk the fourteen mile nude.

Being a single male, however, I had to address the risk of distracting accusations, so I picked a time outside of school holidays to be sure of avoiding children. The only other precaution was a pair of shorts which accompanied a bottle of pep and a tiny radio as a small shoulder bag.

I was determined to do something. I wanted to vaccinate the tide stream of coastline against the textile virus by injecting it with naked common sense.

To begin I had to walk to the route's southern point - done with the shorts on, which, I accept now was a mistake. When it came to slipping out of the shorts I could feel aggression crowding me and I paused for a while to reconsider my intentions. I was here and shuffling home would be the same walk so I forced march?

Initially the coastal path brings girl links and I quickly avoided along some defences. The sun was warm and I settled into a relaxed ambience but suffered a disturbed guttural need to look around - literally seeing if the coast was clear.

There are no formal facilities along this stretch. These tamarac squares have been provided for car parking but drivers generally just cross the grass verge to park where they like against the beach.

Despite obvious thoughts I could not avoid the point that to make the enterprise work my walk had to be witnessed - but this is not far removed from exhibitionism. I was not able to believe this - and still cannot. I pressed on.

At the first land stretching there was a good few cars on and around it with the windmills following slightly. My feet were fast forward and eyes fixed on the distance. Well a shower from the still building passengers. As I walked on I looked myself for not being in a state printed matter for handing out if I encountered any difficulty. Damn!

Before the half-way stage I had encountered three dog walkers. I could see their reactions as they realised my state of undress but, to their credit, not one of them diverted or was rude.

It started in the village - and I copped out of walking through it. Instead I went down the beach and along the waterline. Here were a couple walking dogs who were slightly fazed but polite. Again, without the least, I could not explain myself without stopping to talk - which could be seen as harassing them.

Beyond the village I came back up to the grass and set down for a rest and a rethink. The path followed the offshore wall in view. I passed and carried on. The path crosses grassed dunes and then a fence which is set back beyond a car park. Here were anglers fishing over their rods and reels. Not obviously disturbed by me. From behind is more after view of sandy beach beside salt grass. I was shocked for this walk - it is so to wear shoes on grass like this.

Two crabs were angled together on the edge of the beach were open and occupied by folk sunning in deckchairs. They had seen my approach and were looking over. Where was that nudist, now? The angler pointing claimed me to pass between them as I could not just ignore the people. They halted me. I acknowledged the greeting and slowed to a halt. They were not rude but certainly concerned and bemused by what I was trying to achieve. Again in their faces, their associated nakedness with sex, but they must have been children of the 60's, surely they should be more relaxed?

There was no hassle as such, and without a piece of paper to let them ponder I'm sure that my explanations were soon forgotten in favour of less accurate interpretations. At least they didn't all stand up and watch me wade into the distance.

The next encounter was with a young couple who had the most astonishingly deep tan. You would've thought that instead of tanning lotion they used *Banana*. They had just arrived and were in the process of absorbing what might have been the entire contents of their home. Their first shock was replaced by apologies - they immediately thought that this was new for nudists. The boat was, momentarily, on the other foot but I had

to come clean and stress the personal nature of the exercise. They were sympathetic folk who would have abandoned their clothes had it been as they first thought, and they would never ventiliate into a club. Too formal. Too much like coddling an ego off - which they get too much of at work. I accepted a mug of tea from a flask and listened to them talking the words of people who are takenless as unimpeachable but who would be aware of their liberty was free to carry that philosophy into a beach.

At the end of the walk I put on the shorts and sat waiting for the bus. It had been my first step and a lesson well learned - carry some blurs as any politician or advertiser would do. A nudist calling card? Meanwhile, no one had been convinced.

Group nudists are in a worse position than their lone colleagues. The public perception is of a bunch of people who putter their funny ways behind walls - and they are partly correct. Nudist club fences serve as a barrier between the haves and the have-nots - aghast that if nudist beaches are ringed by signs which announce their 'forbidden' approval status. The prevention of signs do not suggest a relaxing lifestyle but echo corporate parental health warnings. At the sign there is a choice to be made - and to reach that warm and welcoming sand the visitor must pass through the choice barrier.

Some nudist swimming pools and health clubs offer regular slots for clothes optional or nudist seasons. More walls. These walls certainly give the nudist a degree of relative freedom and we can be proud of the progress away from nudism towards people facilities, but the public is effectively still shielded from nudism.

What is the present state of play if the current set up is not really doing the job? Certainly, it is no good expecting public opinion to change by a process of osmosis across the existing barriers. Likewise, the cause of nudist freedom can only advance by meeting the GCDN - an organisation which aggressively curbs its sympathisers is not a shop window from which the public will ever buy.

Nudism is a political issue for which more public relations exercises are humiliatingly inappropriate. The law needs changes in favour of public opinion. It needs a major road swing rather than some PR inspired post or leaf.

If there is someone around with the right idea it must be Dutchman Robert Broekmans - the tactics he employs with group support are almost ideal. Robert purges the 'buddhism' behind fences - range of nudist - thereby is the way of the golden rule and takes policies to the people. Putting nudism into everyday public life dissolves the barriers, evaporates the mystique and re-assures the public that nudism is a lifestyle devoid of sinister connotations.

Only by consistently insisting that nudism is ordinary will it become readily and generally accepted. Britain must find its Robert Broekmans soon.

From Isaac Simon Spring 1993 Page 9/10



A sight that should be seen on every stretch of coastline in the near future - the people that is - not those shodded beachhills.

STARKERS MAGAZINE is a subscription based publication and is only available at a few naturist outlets. For subscription details, back issues and other *Starkers* publications, please see the front inside cover.

A Chance Encounter

Celia Headly takes a walk on the wild side

Near to my cottage in East Lothian lies an extensive area of pine forest, the natural habitat for a wide range of birds and animals. Several dozen deer live there and many frequently venture out into the surrounding fields during the winter and early spring. The forest is perfect for enjoying relaxation, and the beauty of these leafy glades has always been a source of interest to me. As an observant, I have enjoyed the forest grounds. Many of the morning I have enjoyed a solitary nude stroll there. It was on one such solitary occasion this last April when I had an experience which I remember with great fondness.

There was a kind of dream-like quality to the scene as I wandered along one of the many tree-shaded tracks, a soft carpet of wet pine needles cushioning my steps. The warmth of the early spring sunshine caressed my body, and finally a sound was to be heard save the occasional songbird. Suddenly I was brought out of the fanatical admiration of my surroundings by a movement some fifteen metres away. Focusing to the spot where I stood whilst my senses intruded the area, I could just make out two brown shapes half-hidden in the bushes. As the shapes materialised, I saw that they were deer - a pair of young does feeding on the plentiful vegetation. Myself being upright, I fully expected them to catch my scent as any scared and disappear with graceful bounds into the safety of the dense forest.

However, after a few seconds I realised that I hadn't been compromised and endeavoured to see just how long I could maintain this semblance of "invisibility". Several minutes passed and then the nearest doe lifted her head and looked straight in my direction. Had she smelt my presence, or merely sensed it? I remained motionless. I felt certain that I'd been discovered. But no, she just took a long hard look at me and I could see the indecision portrayed by those dark eyes. Was this object an animal to be feared, or was it just a strange flesh-coloured article in the landscape? After some considerable hesitation, caution overtook her and she gave a few quick bounds away from me. Then she stopped, glancing at her partner - who hadn't so much as looked up from her breakfast - and must have decided that she'd acted a little silly. So she turned and came back to investigate me further.

With a series of stunted approaches, all the while shifting her head in order to obtain a better view, she came within just a few steps. Her physique was magnificent - covered by a velvety light brown coat without so much as a hair on it. The large glassy eyes seemed riveted on me as she still wondered whether I was friend or foe. Had I moved in the slightest at that moment, all would have been over. I tried not to blink, dared not even breathe, but I gave the game away. She still didn't seem to realise that I was human, and hence her deadened energy. I like to think that the reason was my absence of clothes, for it's clothes which give off the dreaded scent - a naked body gives off little.

A full fifteen minutes passed, as we both studied each other intently from such a short distance. Then, quite unexpectedly, the doe completely lost interest in me. With no further signs of anxiety, she returned to her more pressing occupation of devouring leaves. I had finally been accepted as part of the natural surroundings.

As I continued to watch the antics of the two does, another movement caught my eye off to the left. From the trees close by emerged a third doe. I remained rooted, only my eyes daring to move. It was a young buck this time, with small fawn antlers. Although he passed in front of me by only a few metres, he never even looked in my direction, and ambled over to the dens to join them in the feeding.

Having achieved the level of acceptance, I was loath to destroy it off now by continuing on my path. Indeed over the short period of time which this encounter had taken, I had come to think of these creatures with a kind of reverence - and it was I who had infringed on their territory. So with determined subtlety, I lowered myself to the ground very slowly, all the while making sure that I only moved when the deer's backs were turned. Then with a slinky of movement, I slithered away through the long grass, disappearing into the all-enveloping to the left, and left these marvellous denizens of the forest to the peace and tranquillity which I had momentarily shared with them.



From Issue Seven Summer 1996 Page 27

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NUDIST NIGHT
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peaking policeman in a motorcycle does not believe their story he's more interested in why seven teenagers are asked up in the hills so far from town? Eventually, all is resolved in an exciting climax. The final scene with the policeman however adverted to nudity and enjoying the party while the five preposterous, had actually to a true look on in seven table agency is memorable

40 minutes black & white
Dolby Stereo

12.50 am Mature Lovers (1968) The first full length nudist film photographed in Technicolor. Directed by renowned writer and celebrated nudist Pedro Proveder, accused and eventually imprisoned on trumped up pornography charges in 1968 which broke his health and his mind. His last period in 1960 at the age of 50. Mature Lovers tells the story of Abel and Helena. Out taking in the Paradise mountains they come across a most beautiful waterfall and rock pool. Exhausted and at first a shy of one another Abel and Helena finally decide that a refreshing skinny dip in the rushing water cannot be resisted. Coaxed by their own the first of passion bleeds and they make love for the first time. Under a warm midsummer sky with the birds sing. Without playing a hint the lovers sleep to be awoken the next morning by voices. Alarmed the happy duo cautiously approach the vocal and peer through the bushes. To their amazement some fifty or so naked men, women and children are splashing about in the water. In a small clearing several people are exercising naked in neat rows to the gentle command of a busy instructor while others are sitting around soaking up the warmth from the early morning sun. Soon they are spotted and a general cry goes up. A group of young men and women approach Abel and Helena but their intentions are friendly. Soon the couple are introduced to the Mountain Biker nudist group who, it transpires, have their summer camp close by. Our two nature lovers join in with the daily life of the camp but Abel is kinder than Helena. After a few days, his talents as the discoverer the sensuality and peace of mind found in this different way of living. There's a free love relaxed mental code, subtle in this film, quite radical for the time, but the whole is somewhat undermined by typical American voices, sentimental imagery, soft sugary sweet situations and a turn-of-mind soundtrack. One thing for sure when summer's almost over and everybody realises they have to go back home the film takes a gloomy turn. Abel's plan to work hard and to buy the land from the malcontented landowner in order to turn the summer Sheng-Lu into a permanent home for all, finally the ending with the sort of group work also optimism only found in American films.

30 minutes Colour
Dolby Stereo

2.20 am Starkers (1994) This short feature film by first time British director Tom Dine tells the story of Peter Syron, a life class model at Norwich University. A bit of a ladies' man the

female students are wary of his approaches and a little bit scared of his forthright manner - even if they do enjoy drawing and painting him nude. As that is, except Wendy who has escaped the repressive clutches of the family home via University. Peter and Wendy are soon an item on campus and she is readily convinced of students who Peter takes her away for a weekend camp at his sun club. Wendy's life is transformed and soon she is spending every available moment naked - on the beach in the first walking in the countryside - whenever she. Peter and her friends take her Wendy's friend Albert, vice of Al Burtis, and mother Victoria - by the way the W.I. - are appalled when Wendy brings Peter home for the weekend and announces that they are to marry after she finishes her finals. They think him first shy and without prospects, informing her mother about her



Tom Hark and Wendy Marie away for the weekend in Starkers

passion for the nudist life produces inferior consequences. Mutter thinks it's a sign of psychiatric delinquency and visits the family doctor for advice. The doctor and his family turn out to be nudist nudists, so he helps them. The doctor's wife goes naked in public, she fumes to fellow members of the W.I. as they debate her dismissal on moral grounds. Meanwhile, the pharmacist, who hates the doctor, informs the vicar, who has coffee in for some more harassment. Finally, he has just passed Starks of

The Mountain Biker welcome Abel and Helena into their paradise as Pedro Proveder's 1968 nudist classic 'Mature Lovers'



Wendy's films and they all show that angst chugging and your daughter quite naked all over the place, even in the vicarage garden if you please! I just thought you ought to know. There's an embedded inside with a tired up Albert, a sign taking Victoria and several helpers descending on the art class at the university. As luck would have it on the way, the class tutor, a bit of a frenzy has persuaded the students themselves to show the models not in their usual state at student dress but naked. I think you'll be surprised at the lack of tension in your lines if you are also naked when you draw. To cap it all, Wendy has volunteered to pose naked with Peter in a recreation of a Rodin sculpture. Into this slides the worst and his hylin singing entourage. Pure ingenuer. Pure comedy if you can't stay up this life then make sure the video is set.

70 minutes Colour
Dolby Stereo

11.35 am Closedown
Continuity announcer Stella Murremy appears for the first time to wish you all good night. So what if the rotating globe covers her tits - she's a shy girl?

From issue Seven Spring 1995 Pages 1/2/3



Summer 1994

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Arguments & Observations Supporting Naturism

Compiled By
K Bacher

Documentation from the archives and magazines of
The Naturist Society of America

English Edition Edited By Mark Nisbet

'More than ever, naturists need powerful arguments to defend their chosen lifestyle against those who cannot see beyond their own misconceptions and preconceived notions. We need evidence and testimony to encourage others to give naturism a try.'

Walter K. Bacher is the introduction to this essential work: 'If you find yourself saying things like "naturism's a good thing", or "there's nothing in the Bible that says it's wrong to go nude", or you believe that clothing can actually be bad for people - then you need this book.'

205 Arguments & Observations is meticulously researched and contains all the facts and information you need to back up your belief and participation as social nudists - and to convince those who criticize you out of hand. It is also ideal for those who need effective persuasion to join in Bacher takes us the archives of *The Naturist Society of America* and every 'argument' is backed up with either a quote or a reference to the accompanying bibliography.

Yet this is no dry or dull academic work. It's accessible to all and is written in a style that is humorous and to the point. **205 Arguments** published by Starkers in association with *The Naturist Society* is a low price 48 page A5 illustrated booklet with a stiff cover.

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Price £5 inc postage UK.
Cheques to Starkers Magazine

Overseas orders add £2 - all payments must be in Sterling

Guns clubs likely to send their children over for a holiday at the convicted malester in their midst - apparently watched like a hawk by members who remove their children from the swimming pool and shower block whenever Court is using them.

The most recent letter is signed 'The Brokenhearted' - a weak sign on Broken Heart. The name of the Orpington sal on which the National Foundation operates a series of associated sex clubs and societies linking mudlarks in and around Chertsey London and the Home Counties.

REVOLT IN THE RANKS

That the letters are anonymous is a pity. It is a measure of something. Either the disgruntled members feel themselves vulnerable to expulsion after publicly venting their dissent, or they fear that a majority of members would not and could not support them in their warring of the issue. Perhaps they feel a potential liability - their letters do contain lies and defamations in principle - but these would have to be confronted in open court. A course of action that The National Foundation, despite its reputation for legal action, could not realistically wish to pursue in the current climate. On the other hand, the legendary hard rule of the ageing Harcourts, Crompton and Galt, Ernest Stanley Vaux, could be meeting a significant challenge from a growing rebellion in Orpington eager to see him sidelined all year round. In his life of Mylly he saw the worst of the members at Brokenheart get on with the business of modernising the place.

As a small part but after all these years (40?) and at that money, Brokenheart still does not have a sauna, the pool is in a poor state of repair and cold, the water social life more or less non-existent. This for a venue that claims international significance and puts itself forward as the National Headquarters of the UK.

Furthermore the Court affair can be viewed as the last straw for a membership increasingly at odds with the way in which Orpington has operated until this point in time. How difficult clearly has it been to get to other considerations in the past? Are they presently looking at the prospect of expulsion?

What double standards when an inspection of the Foundation records reveals? Are well established Foundation members already happy with their power to control non-members access to Brokenheart's social turf?

It is often the case that a public campaign in a small, closely knit, formerly private venue is an indicator of serious underlying

disaffection. This then manifests itself as a power struggle between factions. The result is other things pretty much as they were, leads to a radical overhaul of procedures or remains a permanent source of tension between intractable members.

EUREKA REJECTS FWD NEW HOME AT ORPINGTON

Between coming out of prison and re-appearing for membership at Orpington, 1981-1983, Pat and Harry Court were members of Eureka. They joined in February 1981 - shortly after Harry was released from prison and left Eureka under a cloud in midsummer 1983. The reasons why they left had nothing to do with children.

Why did the Court's leave Eureka? Mark Wilson states that although no charges were laid against Pat and Harry Court they were spoken to by the Greater C.I.D. on a series of threats damaging police post letters. These letters were anonymously written to the spouses, employers and employers of various Eureka members and were designed to embarrass both members and relatives etc. The motive for writing these letters was probably satirical and probably had their genesis in bad feelings and arguments over the playing of various games. Harry and Pat were widely known to be extremely competitive at ping pong and snooker.

According to Mark Wilson the victims united and went to the police with their complaints. The police clearly thought the matter serious enough to warrant investigation, spoke to Harry Court and decided the matter was best left on file with no action over warnings had been issued. The Courts then decided to drop their attendance at Eureka and promised their satirical letters to be stopping instructions that would bear their names. None ever came. Mark Wilson says he was therefore relieved of his duty to expel them by their voluntary desertion.

He also states he was unaware of Harry's conviction at the time he joined Eureka but became aware of it later. Eureka he states is a tolerant place. If it wasn't I would not have kept them here, but I thought well, perhaps he has learned from his past mistakes. They left under a cloud after the sender of the post letters. It was nothing to do with any sexual or children no charges were laid. After Pat and Harry left the postcard pen letters stopped, but change had been made.

I put it to him that if Pat and Harry had not messaged about at Eureka then they would still be members and North Kent would not be losing their current presence. He answered, if Orpington were an good friend with Harry could have them and said they'd been approached by a couple to join who were in Eureka

members and I could have had them the story. Perhaps then they would think they didn't want that sort of member.

NEGATIVE PUBLICITY?

The issue has obviously embarrassed The National Foundation. The Brokenhearts' incoherent claim for trustees have lost our respect for a merely five thousand pounds and we intend to make it the most solid they have ever made. Of course, if the disgruntled members had not written to the press about their protest, then the outside world would never have known about the shenanigans at Orpington.

The press cannot be blamed for 'invited' attacks on that vague concept respect. They love stories on a plate, they love to start. Perhaps the faction would better serve their fellow members through campaigning for more accountability within Orpington to the membership, so that decisions, like re-admission to the Courts, could be debated and voted upon according to democratic principles.

The Brokenhearts promise further revelations - so one hopes their residence to mainstream press democracy is fighting it. More revealing is the fact that they felt the need to go public. It speaks

Compulsory Nudity

Sam Bowman looks at school showers, medical examinations and the State's passion for strip searches

CHANGING ROOMS AND SHOWERS

It's strange that although I have been a nudist for many years, my most vivid memories of school are still of being forced to strip after gym and being herded naked into the showers, and standing before the school doctor (a young lady) and even younger nurses in my birthday suit at the age of 10.

When the gym master was not standing there (Mylly clothed himself) standing at us and turning the showers to cold, some boys would be teased about their physical characteristics or body hair colouring.

My wife, a nurse, well used to seeing others in all states of undress and an unashamed nudist herself is still a little uneasy when showering after a keep fit class or game of badminton. Most women do not take a shower and tend to stare at those who do - and amongst the students there is often an over-fascination. The situation in communal changing rooms at the swimming pool is similar. Most women go to amazing lengths to avoid exposing themselves as they dry and change. Those who cannot stand the inconvenience of a wet changing costume larger than they have to are objects of wonder to the others.

From time to time the subject is raised in the press. At one time, there were frequent reports of protests from girls' schools about the integrity of enforced nudity in the showers. A few years ago a letter published in The Guardian suggested that in contrast with the reserved attitude amongst ladies, schoolboys were as casual fixtures of the macho atmosphere of male changing rooms. Jennifer Lister disclosed how the water-flooded showers at school had now realised what a valuable part they had played in helping to overcome his inhibitions - resulting in happy times when he became a nudist.

In the TV series, The Menopauses, the male attitude was demonstrated by footballers showing their contempt for a female manager by stripping in front of her in the changing lockers.

When a woman reporter in the United States claimed discrimination because she was not given equal access to saunas in the changing rooms of male regiments, Frances Genderson in The Observer was prompt to ask why women should want to interview sportsmen in the saunas. She found it impossible to imagine herself interviewing Sir Giff Giff when naked and dripping wet.

of discretion and a very low level non-existent democratic procedure at Orpington if as the writer claims, the Trustees vigorous defence and shower to Court's money based rehabilitation programme is merely - put up with it or leave it!

NOT QUITE A POST SCRIPT

There is such a thing as the Rehabilitation of Offenders Act. I believe that Henry Court, after serving his time and reflecting upon his errors, may no longer be interested in assaulting children. Yet their brief six years at Eureka ended in anonymity at round. The question for those at Orpington with the power to allow the Courts continued residence rests on dealing with an issue that is clearly still at risk. Unless some sort of mutually acceptable solution is found and the high Orpington gates are closed to the outside world once again, further embarrassing revelations are likely.

Watch this space.

From Issue 8 Autumn 1995 Pages 67/68

MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS

In our last year of compulsory education we were visited by two young ladies - the school doctor and the nurse. For several weeks the main topic of conversation was about what the doctor felt and what she said to boys who could not control themselves as she did. As it turned out, I was even worse than we expected. We had been told to bring a towel and were called into the room in threes where the nurse told us to go behind the screen strip and wrap a towel around our waist. Then one by one we stood in front of her while she took details of our past medical history and checked our hair and eyelids. We were told, desperately that the towel would stay in place. We were then sent individually to the young lady doctor who examined our feet and ran a stethoscope over our chests and backs.

Then came the striped examinations. "Drop your towel," cough, bend over. At least, my nervousness and embarrassment were so acute that there was no possibility of 'not ascending stairs' as we had feared. We were thankful that all this took place behind a screen away from the eyes of the nurse. But worse was to come. We were sent back to the toilet to be given a 'wet' towel and to be given a 'wet' towel to stand in. So once again we were told to strip them and stand on the scale - a very memorable day!

Some time ago The Guardian published a series of letters recounting similar horror stories of school medicals. One lady recalled how her son was kept standing with his hands in the relevant assembly hall and at waiting their turn in full view of any passer by. Another told of her headmistress who always



Orpington members are apparently turning their backs on Court

reated on being present throughout the examinations. On one occasion when the doctor started without her she reacted on the first few girls being examined again.

The same paper also carried a long article in which a lady described the embarrassment of a gynecologist examination. This did bring a reply from another woman who suggested that embarrassment about exposing their bodies was a symptom of female repression and suggested that when told not to be embarrassed by a doctor women should always reply 'Why should I be?'

June Costello in *Love, Sex and War 1838-1945* states that some religious leaders condemned the immorality of forcing women though apparently not men, to parade before for routine medical examinations.

Nonetheless, even nuns would probably feel sympathy for female Olympic athletes in the 1900s who had to prove their femininity by taking part in a nude parade in front of a panel of doctors - before more sophisticated methods of testing were developed.

In fairness to the medical it must be said that not all of them expect their patients to do what they would not do themselves. One Swedish surgeon has suggested that it would be in the best interests of hygiene if all theatre operating staff worked in the nude!

Strip Searches

Probably the most blatant abuse of power and intrusion into privacy is the strip search - where use is made more widespread than is generally realised. In *Intergangna* - a Polish film - a female political prisoner is seen undergoing an intimate search by male officers in humiliating detail. This is by no means limited to totalitarian regimes. It is part of the normal routine of admission to prisons and licensed centres - ostensibly to prevent drug smuggling when it does not - but is really part of the process of dehumanising prisoners.

Female political prisoners in Northern Ireland were very vociferous in complaining that the procedure was carried out every time they received bail or court appearances - although they were mentioned throughout their time outside. They saw it as a form of harassment. It does seem to be used as a punishment when people are first arrested: even if they are not found guilty at a later date.

This is particularly true of officers with political overtones. Women arrested at Greenham Common during the early 1980s were often strip searched far too superficially. Sometimes this was done by U.S. personnel who should have no authority over British citizens. One lady was awarded £2000 compensation.

Customs officers seem to have been especially zealous in their use of this procedure. Although they should have reasonable grounds for suspecting that a person is carrying some item of contraband, some reasons are bogus in the extreme. A woman soldier was searched at Heathrow because she was carrying confetti - a teacher was strip searched at Birmingham airport because she was carrying a boarding card with a man's name on it, a young Latin American lady because she described herself as a waiter when her companion said they intended to marry.

Customs officers do seem to target flights from countries known as exporters of drugs - as a young lady discovered in 1987. She described her experiences in a newspaper article - *Non Gals Don't Land at Luton*. Among on a drug flight from Morocco, while many respectable middle aged people passed by without hindrance she and several other young women were diverted to antirooms for an other reason than 'nice girls were unlikely to visit Morocco alone'. She gave a full description of the procedure. All her clothes were removed, arms raised, hair shaken out, and best over touching her face with two officers standing behind her. Although she did not appear shocked by the experience it has been far worse for others. At Harwich a young woman who had recently been raped went through the further

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STARKERS

THE MAGAZINE THAT UNCOVERS IT ALL



MARK 'EUREKA' WILSON

1927 - 1996

From *Jazzus Eight Autumn 1995* Pages 970

STARKERS

THE MAGAZINE THAT UNCOVERS IT ALL



Las Pileas

**NATURISM? OR A DIVISION OF
SEX-ON-A-STICK ENTERPRISES?**
magazine naturism taken to task

**Naturism - the marvellous pursuit of freedom
or a division of Sex-On-A-Stick-Enterprises?**

Making Proper Charlies Of Us All

Robert Tedder

Now just let me get this straight, naturism is sex.

The sole point of being a nudist is to get sex. That's why people adopt the lifestyle, why they read the magazines, why they stroll off to the videotape, most certainly why they book themselves onto seaside holidays.

A nudist is like a paving stone? Certainly.

The CCN might be a load of old washed-up dead birds, but when it comes to copulation, they are right there at the centre of it all. And it is official. Of course nudists like their clothes off for the sole purpose of having it away with other nudists!

Cheer! Look at me like that, money. It's true. I'm telling you. I wasn't in a Health & Efficiency? Of course it was. There was an article about some nudist, somewhere, I believe it was Europe maybe it was Spain - but more likely to be Europe where there's more sex. (I read that somewhere). Or is it because you would never see pictures of Britain in H&E? Anyway the pictures showed young tanned women who were obviously gagging for it. And they were true nudists, mind, because they had bright blue lads, their hair pulled back and they presented the most obvious stick-out nipples - they certainly did not leak like the bloody people you read about in Starkers. Certainly not. And didn't they make-up with a young tanned man who was quite clearly pumped up. (I think you know what I mean, mass!) And ready for them?

Yes, or maybe it was one of those videos they advertise. You know, the one about the young tanned woman who decides that she wants to learn about having no clothes on and has to wait outside, ten-way placed, in shop-off very nicely. During her self-taught lessons in taking off clothes, she bumps into a young tanned bloke who is permanently on the verge of an erection.

Or could it have been the inviolate tape which features young tanned women who must young tanned blokes and together they try to occupy the entire screen so that the only way to appreciate the scenery is to wait the plastic yourself! (but why if you are young and tanned because they weren't only went bare nudists at the resort?)

Talking of Health & Efficiency, I see that one of their writers has been contributing to a sex magazine - Desire - it's called. The most genuine of scrotes has been giving the benefit of his natural knowledge to the quarterly's discerning readership. The second piece he did about Grip D'Agde was a gem of natural truth. Hence: he did not bother to describe the place in any detail but, of course, concentrated the three page article on the suspension of sexual acts which he reckons 'forms an almost constant horridly casual around the place. He also bangs on about women wanting him to turn their public hair and have sex with him, so his stories must be true because they are based upon first hand (or something) experience.

And then the first part? If more by accident, was in the Mail On Sunday magazine a few weeks ago. They did a multi-page spread on the British sex industry and who was featured in the big photo at the start of the piece? That woman who has become Health & Efficiency's mascot. Oh you know her, she's on almost every page of the magazine. (and natural holiday brochures), smiling with the bright white teeth etc.

Tania said that she is a little dancer in strip clubs - the photo shows her leaning over a group of men who are stuffing money down her bra. Disgraceful stuff, eh? Well, it goes on to list her achievements and there is mention of one of her videos - Let's Get Naked. This sounds like one of those empty products that the sex industry has thrown up, doesn't it? Except it's advertised in Health & Efficiency as a natural video - which means that natural videos can now be reclassified as products of the sex industry.

And isn't that the pits?

No joking, now, naturism is a peg to hang sex on and it is being sold in public. The shrewd snags at the person taken by her pet photographer, now account for as much of H&E, (which should be about Film & Ed), that any reader would believe this to be the official face of the movement. The general nature of the video to make an impression in the pop music industry but came outback when she was upstaged by - of all people - Sigmund Freud. (Sweden presenter) Dale Winton. She can have aquatic swim suits ringed though.

In truth though the movement has become a face of the Sunday Sport Raunchy Roadshow Showgirl. Naturism has been taken over as a division of Chastity The Ltd. which is itself a subsidiary of Sex-On-A-Stick Enterprises.

And the readers will succeed. BM magazine and H&E are rubbishless - even although it has jumped continents. The Sunday Sport is still and has new been boarded.

Face it when H&E and Sunday Sport have interests in countries, there is something very wrong. OK, so H&E bears as much resemblance to natural reality as B-27. ROMANIGER. Oh. The MOON does to grow-up journalism but the point of mass contact which H&E represents is still not.

Starkers is still in the process of building a big circulation so H&E cannot the latest single-handed (even if that is how the glossy monthly is read).

Naturists should not tolerate aggressive moves by themselves linked ages and writers, and must not just lie down -

Alison Brown is
Daily Sport
'Rauncher'
made...



because lying down is what the public has come to expect it to be about.
 Retraction is simple. Do not play the magazines, shut the videos, avoid the sex journalism... and think twice about patronising their advertisers.
 This is no joke

A PROPER CHARLIE REPLIES...



I am grateful for the opportunity to reply to Robert Tedder's highly entertaining piece. I have been a naturalist for most of my 50 years and have been fortunate enough to have enjoyed visiting over 25 natural resorts worldwide, many of them more than once, apart from the many clubs and beaches I have visited in this country. I mention this bit of background because it has confirmed my own natural belief which is, quite simply, that anyone whatever their age, sex, job, colour or creed should enjoy being naked wherever they deem it appropriate, providing that it is done 'they give no offence to others'. Natural resorts and official naturist beaches provide this facility formally, but Fountains and Fountainsville where there is no.

formal naturism, but where there is great tolerance and mutual respect, are examples of places where I have enjoyed naturist the most.

So if someone is a tall, dark, striped, model pop star, writer, photographer, film maker, prostitute, estate agent, Member of Parliament or failed actor is there now a serious suggestion that they could enjoy being naked when they deem a appropriate or want a natural resort or buy a video or watch H&E? Actually this is not a bad idea is it? Let's ban those naturists all those people whose age, sex, job, colour or creed we don't approve of... wouldn't life be simpler?

It's Robert's absolute right not to read or enjoy H&E (for someone who is so well informed remarkably well informed of its contents) but his attempts to deny that right to others is surely a form of censorship that collapsed with the Berlin Wall.

There was a time when H&E used to publish photos of filmstars and celebrities. Sadly the sick society in which we live and when Robert Julia Stoneville to trash (disturb) has altered an H&E editorial policy of its choice. As an example H&E refused to publish the photo (page 58) of Alison's sister, Anna, with her gorgeous little daughter, Zoe, whereas BN were less cautious and published it as a full page picture. Likewise I had a hard time persuading H&E to let the British Board of Film Classification (BBFC) decide whether Wendy's delightful interview with 10 year old Damien Durnale could be included in our film 'Cap D'Agde, Naked City'. Luckily they agreed and the film was given a 15

Certificate. Interestingly a lady regularly deemed our film 'Treasured Garden' shot in the Caribbean natural resort of St Martin, as evidence that it would be unlikely to obtain any form of classification, yet the BBFC granted it a 15 Certificate. This giving credence to the old saying 'One man's meat is another man's poison'. So our meat, which, in this case, happens to be promoting naturism in the way we think it, is obviously Robert's poison - so be it, and I respect his right to hold that opinion. Yet gorgeous young people are employed to promote everything from cars and holidays to food and drink - why not naturism? Would 'Philly Whores' have been such a box office success if Julia Roberts' prostitute character had been portrayed in a more true to life, less glamorous way?

For every low naturalist who with smiles and warmth, become involved with our natural photography and film making, there's always one who is at our elbows - it's good that we live in a country where that healthy expression of disagreement is part of our culture. And we also take commendation from numerous letters that we have received from people who say how grateful they are that our words, photos and films have introduced them to naturism and how, in many cases, they wish they'd experienced it earlier. Or, as Alison says in our latest film, 'The Freedom of Naturism', 'The less talking about it the more doing of it the better'.

Charlie Simonds

A PRETEND NATURIST REPLIES

Thank you for the copy of Robert Tedder's article. Whilst I think that my 'pet photographer' has covered most of my points, (and my mistakes), I would like to express my profuse apologies for:

- 1) Having bragg about
- 2) Possessing a limited body with the most obvious sticky out nipples

3) Recording a song that had nothing to do with Gail Winton but did have a chest position! (Chestnuts is the Name of the Movie story.) I take your own advice Robert and avoid the sex journalism!

OK, now anyone who has seen H&E's film 'Let's Get Naked' (and you obviously haven't Robert), will know that it is a genuine naturalist product, produced by naturists, featuring naturists, for naturists in order to promote naturism. I challenge Robert to watch it and eat his words. I actually state right at the beginning of the film 'let's not... actually be associated with sex, as naturists we know that this is ridiculous'. So come on Robert, we're fighting the same battle here, stop your self-indulgent, libelous rant and just get on and enjoy your naturism. I know I will. Yes, I am a naturalist and I have the hell to go to prove it. You see Robert, naturists come in all shapes and sizes (I even perfectly proportioned ones) and all colours, creeds and vocational orientations. I've met devout Christian naturists and gently-pierced sex-maniac swingers who are naturists - and everything in between!

Oh, and by the way, if you really do want to follow my career so closely, then I must tell you about my fun club - but then you probably already know all about it don't you?

Alison Brown

ONE OF THEIR WRITERS REPLIES

Dear Robert Tedder

After reading your amusing if somewhat naive attack on the way naturism is portrayed in print, Making Proper Charles Of Us All, I'm left wondering if too many years of exposure to the sun, practising your own brand of Too Naturism hasn't left you with a set of values every bit as extreme and misguided as those you claim are doing the selective such a disservice.

The impressionistic and selective editing needed nothing new to the heavy and rubbishy debate one, worse, failed to provide any positive alternatives. Certainly there is room for improvement in the way the subject is portrayed but merely going vent

to brevity or ill informed cynicism seems a strange and rather obvious way to attempt to effect change.

Your closing exhortation to 'refrained to shun the currently available products' seemingly makes a lot of assumptions about people's attitudes without, as far as I can tell, any sound basis. Nobody apparently produces or advertises products that don't sell so I can only assume there are a lot of retailers out there who are quite happy to sell out for what you consider to be 'crap'.

Regarding your diatribe to the press, I write about Cap D'Agde for Drane magazine (I'm mostly rather than quarterly publication monthly) and one which deals specifically with the subject of sex you seem again, to have missed the point. The reason I featured on, as you put it, 'a succession of sexual acts' (of which happened exactly as stated) rather than providing a 'detailed description of the place' was that I was describing the relevant aspects of a resort renowned for a type of lifestyle that would appeal to the magazine's broad-based and presumably liberalised readership. If you want to know how the facts in the shower books would read the brochures.

Although your own article betrays many of the people who are at least doing something to portray their own skin on a magazine it successfully reveals every of your own personal preferences. Perhaps in a future issue of Simonds you'll be told enough to state exactly what they are, and why they're more 'correct' and relevant than anyone else's. Until such time I'll be happy to follow your advice to 'shut up and piss'.

John Williams

ONE OF CHARLIE'S FANS REPLIES

I was somewhat surprised and dismayed by Mr Robert Tedder's article entitled Making Proper Charles Of Us All. As far as I am aware the only natural film writer named Charles is Charlie Simonds. Could Mr Tedder be refusing to hear? It can hardly be said that possibly. Two of the words are correct - his name is Charlie and he is a proper natural. Besides that he is a total gentleman and absolute sweetheart.

I met Charlie and his team, a young French couple and three pretty women in Gede last summer. He and Alison Brown (his former business partner), were filming at the Kappas resort. Various holiday makers, including myself, signed to take part in some scenes, discussing one or two particular reasons for enjoying naturism. It was great fun. Charlie, Alison and the team were wonderful, both during filming and socially, presenting themselves very favourably with all. Everyone enjoyed every minute of the holiday we could do.

According to Mr Tedder we were all associating with an unsavoury, sleazy set of people who were selling some sort of sex package disguised by their behind bright white teeth. What rubbish! They were indeed were young and attractive which is surely the way to advertise anything these days - using beauty. We are all influenced by glamour, trans, goodness. Having reached my fifties, a wife, mother, senior hospital worker, (very ordinary indeed) I have never danced on a table top. (I once felt as though I had swung from a chandelier one wonderful September weekend) in the rain, but that's another story, but if I had, I would still state the right to call myself a naturalist.

The most used word from the mouths of all naturists is freedom. Surely that means to be and do whatever one wishes as long as it's harmless. Charlie Simonds works his words off to encourage that right and is the greatest ambassador for naturism that I have ever met.

Mr Tedder has obviously never met him. Strange how fairs tend to make poor Charles at themselves.

Arnie Shepherd

EDITOR'S NOTE

When I received Robert Tedder's attack some time ago, I sought his opinion to approach Peter whom he was criticising. The incident was quickly forgotten by Robert's memory (I wanted) his attack is not and remained a mere miss.

While Robert Tedder has chosen to focus his criticisms on the work of Charlie Simonds, and its frequent appearance in H&E magazine, he has taken a privately disapproving view of H&E.

H&E monthly is presented, right, as the first point of contact for many newcomers. It is probably attacked as many newspapers as the personal video auction by banks and the efforts of the OCGM public relations machinery - such as it is. Many established resorts attach an unwilling responsibility to H&E - to London as something that it cannot do, all of the time, while objecting to the excessive nature of much of the content.

The clothing association at the official reviewing with H&E was the subject of intense debate at the 1995 AGM of the OCGM members to sever links with what had nobody is protesting that the issue was entirely resolved.

Historically, the glamour, look of H&E is a public target and the protection of a national newspaper's freedom in human affairs is naturism's stance in the threat of traditional fashion being but commercial sex-dissemination.

Naturist resorts, leisure resorts, are also attracting their discrimination with H&E, but they possess an absolute bearing in natural history, accuracy and a genuine campaigning edge.



Alison Brown in H&E mode. Photo: Charlie Simonds, Parafotos

Edited from Issue Ten Summer 1996 Pages 13-17

THE NUDIST GARDENER

August 1996

Issue 1 £1.95



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neighbours!**

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garden**

Concept: Mike Hapton



Naturism in Eire

Eire has an active IMF affiliated national body - the Irish Naturist Association - which for some years has been steered by Pat Gallagher. The thirty year old association produces a quarterly photocopied magazine - Irish Naturist - of around 20 pages which is distributed to members. Carrying information on the (slow) progress of various INA led beach campaigns and official resistance to legalised beaches, Irish Naturist magazine also includes numerous press clippings, announcements of forthcoming events, and news from members about their experiences of various holiday resorts in Europe.

The INA claims about 750 members but also claims that interest in naturism is on the increase throughout Eire. With a population of around 3.5 million and miles of unspoilt coastline, the INA reckons that thousands of people enjoy 'unofficial' nude sun and sun bathing during the summer.

Although the INA have failed to secure an 'official' beach they have raised the public profile of Irish naturists. On the other hand, perhaps under the instructions of the IMF, the INA like the CCBW in Britain is planning to introduce mandatory photo identity cards.

News from Ireland: Ross Strutt

Obviously naturists are thin on the ground here - the usual notion given being firmly entrenched Catholic attitudes to the exposure of the naked body. However, attitudes are changing and the younger generation are undoubtedly questioning the strict dogmatic views of the established church - particularly in the light of recent scandals involving the ecclesiastical hierarchy.

It seems odd that other Catholic countries, notably France, should be so tolerant of nudism if religious prejudice is the only reason for the lack of attention given to naturism in the Emerald Isle.

It must be admitted that a damp, rainy climate is hardly conducive to total exposure. Nevertheless, there are miles of remote beaches traditionally used whenever the sun decides to shine.

Until recently there was only one club, based in Dublin, but without a permanent site. Recently a club has been formed in County Cork. Both clubs organise subgroups and national swimming sessions in their locality.

There is no doubt that some progress is being made to secure official nude beaches - in the face of determined opposition from local residents, golfers and church leaders.

A recent disturbing development is that the few clubs have now decided that admission to swimming sessions will only be allowed if a current IMF card is produced bearing a photograph of the holder. A signed copy of the photograph is to be lodged with the committee.

I believe this is a retrograde step and that it is wisely important that a person's right to anonymity should be at all costs be preserved.

It is alarming to consider that this rule might be copied by other clubs, or be copied by, for example, the police or National Trust wardens. If this trend is not combated I can envisage a time when, although naked on a beach we could be required to carry a badge with name and photograph hanging from our necks in the manner of dogtags at a conference.

These are not frivolous concerns - what if the identity cards fall into inappropriate hands? The potential for blackmail or discrimination would be enormous. This is very relevant in view of recent comments in *Spectator* on the CCBW's 'blacklist'. (Issue 6)

Of course, the obvious rationale for this rule is that it facilitates the identification of undesirable and gossamerers, but naturists have always used effective, time-honoured methods of discouraging such individuals as I have witnessed in idyllic Cumbria.

After a lifetime in naturism I am no longer interested in

belonging to any organisation which allows power-hungry individuals or committees to make such decisions on my behalf.

As always these restrictions are introduced for our own good, but are in fact in direct conflict with the spirit of freedom and mutual enjoyment of sun-seed and water which is our birthright.

"The CCBW plan to introduce photo identity cards from January 1996"

Beach and inland naturism in Eire

Despite a concerted campaign over the past five years the INA have failed so far to convince local and county councils to provide sanctioned nudist beaches.

Shoring a similar ill-defined legal position to tolerance nudists in the U.K. but without the religious establishment biting the bit, nudists in Eire can be charged with indecent exposure, exposure likely to etc. In practice complaints are usually acted upon in the same manner as the U.K. - if a policeman is called (hardly) she is asked to get dressed.

"Ireland remains the only country in the European Union that does not provide officially approved outdoor naturist facilities" INA statement.

With Eire's thousands of miles of coastline and several hundred secluded bays and beaches it should never be too difficult to get away from it all and enjoy seclusion and peace and quiet.

This is all very well, but in reality nudists prefer the company of other nudists, alone or in a small family group, tramping up hill and down dale to an isolated sandy cove in fine sand is a while, but if you prefer the company of like minded souls, and perhaps a game or two on the beach, a frequently used location is preferable.

Also, groups of people who do not know each other well but have in common their social nakedness, are in a better position to confront authority. This solidarity is often threatened by critics who take charge of 'aggressive' nudists taking over the beach: when all that is happening is the group expression of the desire to be left alone.

British beachgoers familiar with overcast days and the long walk to the bathroom end of the beach in order to get their clothes off will find the situation exactly the same in Eire. Likewise, a few miles walk from the car park and road and the dangerous and precipitous walks down crumbling cliffs. The sea around Ireland is notoriously dangerous and close

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